



THE SKETCH



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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 29, 1922.

ONE SHILLING.



CATHERINE OF RUSSIA—OF THE UNITED STATES: MISS DORIS KEANE IN "THE CZARINA."

Miss Doris Keane plays the lead in "The Czarina," at the Empire Theatre, New York, and is appearing in this gorgeous costume, which represents the American idea of the great Empress who played such an important part in the subtle and dangerous game of international

politics in the eighteenth century. The play is by Mr. Melchior Lengyel, and Mr. Basil Rathbone appears in it with Miss Doris Keane. It is having an exceptional success in New York, and will probably be seen in London in the summer or early autumn.—[Photograph by White Studio.]



Motley Notes

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY — GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

Pity the Poor Statue!

A terrible thing has just happened at Brighton—a thing that should give you pause, friend the reader, when you catch yourself longing to be immortalised in marble. Most people know, I suppose, that Brighton owes its present position as Queen of Watering Places, its wealth, its naughty King's Road, its saintly Hove, its thronged hotels (when they are thronged), its Christian simplicity, its Hebraic courtesy, to King George IV. He it was that found Brighton a negligible little fishing town, and paved the way for all the glories I have enumerated—and a great many for which I have no space.

And Brighton was duly grateful—so grateful that it erected in that cosy part of old Brighton known as the Old Steine an imposing statue of George IV. Here, at least, is one thing the English are always ready and willing to do—in fact, you can't stop them. Neglect a man as they may in his lifetime, starve, kick him, jeer at him as they often do, no sooner is he dead than up goes a statue to his memory. And thenceforward the traffic swirls about it, and the policemen hang their capes on it, and small boys write all over it with chalk. Honour is satisfied.

Occasionally, however, the site selected for some particular statue is looked upon with envious eyes. (Rapid change of slide.)

A Thing of Ridicule.

This is what has just happened at Brighton in the case of poor George IV. They have removed him from the Old Steine and placed him, I understand, in the grounds of the Pavilion. Well, he should feel at home in the grounds of the Pavilion; but that is not the point. The point is, how was this historic removal carried out? With fanfare of trumpet? With the jingle of mounted warriors? With orations from civic dignitaries?

Not a bit of it. First of all, they erected a thing over the poor gentleman's head that looked like a scaffold. From this hideous erection there dangled a chain. The chain was placed about the neck of the illustrious and regal patron of Brighton, a foreman yelled "Up she goes, 'Arry!" and the statue of King George IV., amid the jeers and cat-calls of the rabble, rose slowly into the air. They then lowered it on to a cart, and hauled it unceremoniously away to the Pavilion.

So let this be a warning to you, friend the reader. You have done much to merit a

statue. You are almost certainly marked down for a statue. You may be immortalised in a top-hat, or in your night-shirt, or holding an umbrella over your head. Whilst there is still time, incorporate in your will an urgent clause to the effect that any man erecting a statue to your memory shall one day be crushed beneath the weight of it.

Something Quite Different.

From Kings to waistcoats may seem a startling transition, but that will not deter me from doing my duty to my fellow-man. (I doubt if anybody ever fought harder and more consistently for the rights

I know. I have had it out with the fellows. And the answer is always unanswerable. "Of course, Sir, we can supply the suit without a waistcoat if you wish, but the price will be the same!"

So one has it. One is but human.

Mr. Cochran's Ambition.

"My one ambition now," says Mr. Charles Cochran, "is to turn it all up and disappear into private life."

I quite sympathise with this ambition, but, having attempted it myself, I think Mr. Cochran had better consult me before taking any definite step. Let me assure

him that it is not so easy to disappear into private life. Lots of people have tried and failed. Look at poor Mr. Seymour Hicks! I was present at a crowded music-hall when he took leave of the stage for ever! It was an evening of tense emotion. We thought of everything he had done, and admitted to one another that he had done everything. Still, to retire! And so young! And so full of energy! For myself, I am not ashamed to say that I held the hand of the commissioner who looks after the coats and hats, and we mingled our tears on the plate of coppers. . . . And then, if you please, the object of all this sympathy went and had a go elsewhere, and is still, so I hear, hard at it!

Mr. Cochran, of course, may be more fortunate. And I am willing to help him if I can. Fortunately, to-day is Sunday, when everybody in England tries to sell or let his desirable residence.

We must not be too near London, and there must be no fear of a telephone. . . . Ah! How will this do?

DEVON, N.E.—Golf, hunting, shooting, and the sea. TO BE SOLD, at a sacrifice, with immediate possession. This important freehold residential property, comprising substantially built Family Residence; lodge entrance, carriage drive, stabling; grounds, paddock, 4 ACRES; admirably suitable for doctor, school, or private institution of any kind.

Mark those words—"or private institution of any kind." What a chance for Mr. Cochran to heap coals of fire on the heads of senile and about-to-be-retired dramatic critics! And in the long winter evenings he could carry out his threat to stage their revues! Jolly, I call it.



AT THE ATHERSTONE HUNT POINT-TO-POINT RACES: LORD AND LADY FEILDING AND LADY BETTY FEILDING AT LUNCH.

Our photograph, which was taken at the Atherstone Hunt Point-to-Point Races, shows Viscount and Viscountess Feilding, at lunch, with Viscount Feilding's sixth sister, Lady Betty Feilding. Viscount Feilding, who married Miss Agnes Harding in 1911, is the only son of the Earl of Denbigh.—[Photograph by Alfieri.]

of his fellow-man than I, from week to week, in these columns. Which is not to say that I am fishing for a statue. And if it were a mere commemorative tablet, I should want to see a proof of the wording.)

Neither my fellow-man nor I has the slightest use for the waistcoat that every tailor insists on supplying with every suit he makes for you. These are not the waistcoats my fellow-man and I wear. In the cold weather we wear cardigans, and in the warm weather we wear "fancy" waistcoats—which simply means something very cool and thin.

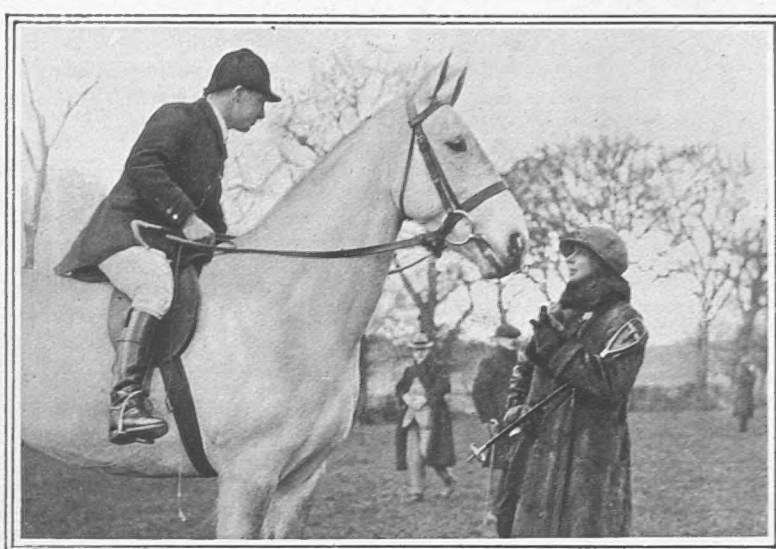
Yet the wardrobes of my fellow-man and myself are stuffed with tailors' waistcoats, absolutely new and unworn. There they hang, like Bluebeard's wives—though not, of course, so ghostly. What a waste of cloth, of lining, of buttons, of workmanship, of money!

Yet one's tailor insists—positively insists—on supplying these waistcoats with the suits.

The Garth Hunt Point-To-Point: Society at Ashridge Farm.



WITH THE HON. MONICA GRENFELL: MAJOR AND MRS. SHACKLE.



TALKING TO A HUNTSMAN: MRS. R. C. TENNANT.



MRS. HOLLAND HIBBERT, MISS FENWICK, AND MR. HOLLAND HIBBERT.



WITH THE MISSES FORD: LADY DESBOROUGH.



AT ONE OF THE JUMPS: MISS FORD, MISS THOMPSON, AND MRS. CARPENTER.



FIXING MR. KEN HEADINGTON'S CAP: MISS FERDINANDO.

The Garth Hunt Point-to-Point Races were held at Ashridge Farm, near Wokingham, on one of the wintry days of last week. Our photographs show some of those who attended them. The Hon. Monica Grenfell, who was with her mother, is the elder of Lord and Lady Desborough's two

daughters. Mr. Ken Headington rode her horse Charm in the Light Weight Race. The Misses Ford are very popular in Berkshire society. Mrs. Carpenter is the wife of Colonel Carpenter, and was formerly Miss Crystelle Nicholson.

PHOTOGRAPHS EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH" BY ALFIERI.

The Jottings of Jane; Being "Sunbeams out of Cucumbers."



A Busy Week.

A busy week in London and a gay one. On Monday Lord and Lady Pembroke and Montgomery requested some of their friends' company at dinner "to have the honour of meeting their Majesties the King and Queen" at 6, Belgrave Square; but, of course, owing to his Majesty's cold, he was unable to go, and the Queen went alone.

It is a delightful house, and as both host and hostess are young enough really to enjoy their own parties, everyone else inevitably responds to the happy atmosphere.

The House of Herbert.

Lord Pembroke, who is the fifteenth Earl, is one of the few Peers who can trace their descent directly from the first holder of the title. The Earldom of Pembroke was revived in favour of Sir William Herbert in 1551, and the Earldom of Montgomery was created some fifty years later. Lord Pembroke is also Baron Herbert of Cardiff, Baron Herbert of Shurland, Baron Herbert of Lea, and Hereditary Grand Visitor of Jesus College, Oxford—

this last title reminding one of mediæval and more romantic privileges than all the rest put together; though, when you come to think of it, there was romance enough in the life of the first Earl of Pembroke and the house of Herbert. He married Anne Parr, a sister of Henry the Eighth's sixth wife, and was an executor of his King's will and the recipient of valuable grants of land. He was a powerful personage during the reign of Edward VI., both the Protector, Somerset, and his great rival, John Dudley, afterwards Duke of Northumberland, angling for his support. Some authorities state that he really devised the scheme for settling the English crown on Lady Jane Grey (for which Dudley lost his head); however, he seems to have retained his place at Court under Elizabeth, and his hold of the estate of Wilton, near Salisbury, the residence of the Earls of Pembroke to this day.

It was the second Earl, however, who married Mary Sidney, the famous Countess of Pembroke, a daughter of Sir Henry Sidney and his wife, Mary Dudley. Sir Philip Sidney was her brother, and it was to her that Spenser dedicated his "Ruines of Time"; and she is the Urania of his "Colin Clout's Come Home Againe," and the Clorinda of his "Astrophel."

Back to Modern Times.

All of which has taken us very far away from Belgrave Square and our own Queen Mary . . . but in these days of spirit-rappings, and Professor Einstein trying to

make clear that there is no time, and M. Coué suggesting wondrous metaphysical miracles, somehow when writing of old families (and how precious few of them are left in England!) it is impossible not to begin at the very beginning, which rather makes me believe that there are ghosts about: nice chatty ghosts staring out of the Elizabethan portraits that honour my old oak walls—Lady Jane Grey herself, poor little hapless Queen, with her great sad eyes and her high brow adorned with a single pearl, making me quite glad to return to the happy smile of our modern Queen as I see her Majesty in the newest photographs, stooping to talk to little children of the very poor.

We like to picture Royalties of to-day still dining with the Pembrokes, just as it interested us to see the Elizabethan pictures at the House of Lords (during Lord Birkenhead's party the other evening)—pictures of Somersets and Pembrokes and Dudleys, fading under the electric light that shone over their many descendants who are making history still. They were all there.

I heard the Secretary of State for War say to a young officer who was covered in gold lace and medals, "Don't come near me! I am frightened to death every time I see a live soldier! I always expect one of the 'axed' to draw his sword when he discovers my identity!" But nothing so picturesque happened to him that night. In these days we don't behead Ministers!

A Beautiful Hostess.

But to return to the Pembrokes. Lady Pembroke (who, I hear, looked very well at her party for the Queen) is the daughter of the late Lord Alexander Paget, and the sister of the present Lord Anglesey. She has three sons and one daughter, for whom she gave a very jolly children's party during the Eton "long leave" the other day. The eldest son, Lord Herbert, is now sixteen, and will probably eventually go into the "Blues," his father's old regiment.

Lady Pembroke's sister was the widow of the late Lord Ingestre, and married Mr. Pennoyer a few years ago while he was in the American Embassy in London (reversing the usual order of "American wives and English husbands"). Lady Winifred Pennoyer's son is the present Viscount Ingestre, and is the heir to his grandfather, the twentieth Earl of Shrewsbury. He was born during the historical first year of the war—in December 1914—and is the godson of the King and Queen.

Lady Londonderry's Evening Party.

The evening party at Londonderry House, Park Lane, on Tuesday, was mostly attended by members of the Conservative Party, though in these evolutionary days it is hard to tell who are which for more than five minutes. Host and hostess stood at the top of the stairs to receive their guests—

a charming pair, Lady Londonderry quite lovely in a black jet gown and the wonderful family diamonds (a high and most becoming tiara, a great necklace, and long ear-rings); Lord Londonderry wearing the Order of the Garter; Lady Maureen Stanley, with her husband, helping to entertain the vast concourse once they had passed the welcome of her parents.

It would be impossible to attempt to name half the guests. Most of the Ambassadors were there and their ladies, and several Cabinet Ministers and theirs, and all the more distinguished members of both Houses, besides Society in general, and celebrities who cannot be pigeon-holed into any group.

The Duchess of Sutherland (who is shortly returning to the Riviera) had her sister, Lady Betty Butler, with her. Lord Chaplin—"The Squire" of olden days—the father of our hostess, looking none the worse for his recent illness; both the Massereenes (Lady M. just back from Vichy or some such place); Lady Ribblesdale, also quite recovered from her indisposition; the Eric Chaplins, Mrs. Eric Chaplin looking her best, which to my mind brings her amongst quite the loveliest ladies of the land; Lady Delia Peel, who came with Colonel Sidney Peel; Sir James Barrie; the Quartermaster-General, Sir



1. Angela has been spending the week-end with the Staid-Joneses. They gave a dance, and one of the guests (Galahad Smith by name) made himself most agreeable to Angela, who was pleased and flattered.



2. Mrs. Staid-Jones is extremely frightened of burglars. She has a burglar bell in every room. One pulls the cord and an alarm sounds in every part of the house.

Travers Clarke, and Lady Clarke; Mr. Edmund Gosse, and about a thousand others were there.

The Bachelors' Club.

And Mr. William Gillett, the President of the Bachelors' Club, gave another of his enjoyable afternoon parties at the Club House in Piccadilly on Friday, March 24. "To meet some of the Diplomatic Corps who are members of the Club."

A very junior member of the Diplomatic Corps in London confided in me his miserable loneliness in London!

"It is all very well for Ambassadors, Ministers, and the more senior secretaries and attachés," he said. "But we—the rest of us—never get asked anywhere. We go to the big parties at our own Embassies or Legations, where we help entertain people who haven't the remotest idea who we are. We go to all the big functions, of course, but these are too crowded really to meet anyone!"

I hope the lonely boy was asked to the Bachelors' Club on Friday, and that Mr. Gillett, or someone made it his pleasure to introduce all the jolliest young hostesses there. I can't help remembering how very different all foreigners are with us—yes, even with our most insignificant and junior diplomatists. But everyone admits that once London has discovered you there is no place like it in this or any other world; though, since the war, the need to economise has curtailed the hospitality of a number of erstwhile hostesses. "Social economy," they call it, which, being interpreted, means eliminating guests in order to include only those who will return cutlet for cutlet! As witness the list of names almost daily in the social columns—invariably the same old repetition: "Mrs. Jones entertained Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Robinson, and Mrs. Brown." Next week, Mrs. Brown will entertain Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Smith, and Mrs. Jones. Seldom a new name to break the monotony. But there, we all are more or less opportunists these days, either from hunger for places we haven't got, or need to keep the places we have inherited. And we can't afford to entertain even our friends—much less "unknown quantities."

Lady Peel.

A dinner-party hostess this week will be Lady Peel (whose husband has just been appointed Secretary of State for India). Or, rather, *was*, for Lady Peel's dinner was fixed for yesterday, Tuesday the 28th, at 52, Grosvenor Street. She is the daughter of the first Lord Ashton (the millionaire) and will be a welcome new hostess for the Coalition.

Lord Peel, who is the second Viscount, succeeded his father two years before the war. He is a Harrow and Balliol College man, a barrister of the Inner Temple, and has been very active in municipal reform as well as in many other public works. During the Græco-Turkish War he enjoyed special privileges and opportunities of gauging the situation as war correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*—an experience which will doubtless be of immeasurable assistance to him to-day.

He is, of course, a direct descendant of Sir Robert Peel; and if there is anything in heredity, India and the Empire may find a solution to all the years of unrest.

John Dryden in 1922.

Although I must not poach on the preserves of the dramatic critic, as the Phoenix is a society rather than the usual company, it is permissible to express an opinion on the eleventh production at the Shaftesbury: "All for Love; or, the World Well Lost," which was also known as "Anthony and Cleopatra" to the contemporaries of John Dryden, the author. Though it must certainly continue to rank as one of the "finest ornaments of the world's dramatic store," I, for one, infinitely prefer to read it than to see it played. It may be that in our day and age we have come to regard restraint as more convincing than all the emotions. It may be that none of the actors to-day really understand the expression of feeling as Dryden felt. But the beauty of the language, the great beauty of the imagery—these held one spell-bound even when the depicted emotions failed altogether to move. However, I now look forward eagerly to the next production of the Phoenix—"Amphitryon," also by Dryden.

Back in London.

Sir Richard and Lady Musgrave are back in London after a prolonged visit to Cannes. They have let Eden Hall, their place in Cumberland, to a large school for girls—a good way of keeping it up for their son, and better than their original intention of selling. Lady Musgrave is giving a dinner-party this week for Lady Nunburnholme's—her niece's—small dance.

Lord and Lady Tichfield are also back in London, having taken Lord and Lady Cromer's house in Wimpole Street—such an attractive house, with more books than are usual in a London house: long shelves filled with beautiful old bound volumes that I am sure no one in London ever has time to open.

Lord and Lady Lichfield mean to return to Shugborough, their place in Staffordshire, before summer really begins, as they both prefer the country to London during the season. Their three beautiful children walk in Richmond Park most mornings with the Windham Baring children, and Lord and Lady Bessborough's children—such a happy cavalcade of little sailor boys and golden-haired girls. They can't all be as angelic as they look!

Mr. Windham Baring is Lord Cromer's brother, and Lady Gweneth Baring, his wife, is a sister of the present Lord Bessborough.

In the Park.

In the Park the other day almost one imagined the 21st of March actually meant spring was over instead of just beginning. Some of the ladies were so eager to display their new

Parisian creations. It was comforting to see young Mrs. Ivan Hay with a really cosy coat on. She was walking with her husband and her father-in-law, Lord Erroll.

Lady Jane Combe and her younger daughter were also very appropriately dressed for the still wintry weather. They were walking with Lord Somerleyton, whose son, Captain Crossley, took such a nasty toss riding in the Gold Cup Race at Sandown. He is better, however, and, like all the officers of the 9th Lancers, too good a rider to come to much grief, I hope. Lord Harris was also with his son and young daughter-in-law.

For the Grand National.

As the daily papers have been so full of it, there is nothing left for Jane to say about the Grand National. The usual party at Knowsley. The usual crowded Grand Stand, and strictly tailor-made ladies taking it all very seriously, with their field-glasses slung over their shoulders.

Among the guests Lord and Lady Derby entertained were the Marquis de Saint-Sauveur, Comte and Comtesse d'Audiffret-Pasquier, and the ex-American Ambassador at Paris, Mr. Hugh Wallace, and Mrs. Wallace, and their charming niece, Miss Beecher, who also brought her French fiancé, Comte Jean de Luppy. Lord Londonderry was also there, and the Airlies, the Pembrokes, Lady Hillingdon, and, of course, the daughter of the house, Lady Victoria Bullock, and Major Oliver and Lady Maureen Stanley.

The Ladies' Association.

And to-day—Wednesday, 29th—Mrs. Austen Chamberlain will be at home to her friends "to meet Lady Carisbrooke, President of the Ladies' Association." Mrs. Chamberlain will be in the chair, and Mr. Maxwell will speak, and Mrs. Baillie Reynolds.

Quite another type of afternoon party was the private view of Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Beresford's pictures on Saturday, at their studio, 28, Grove End Road, St. John's Wood. Indeed, the invitation was for Sunday and Monday as well—a charming idea in these days of week-ends away from London when black Mondays want cheering up.

IRREPRESSIBLE JANE.

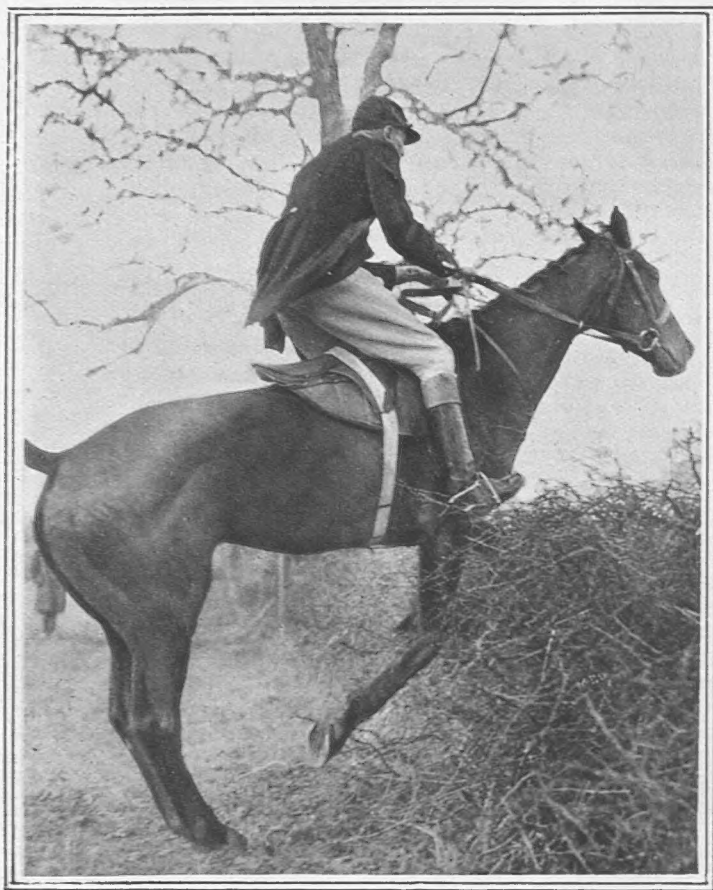


3. So, when Angela dimly perceived a man in her room, she rang the burglar alarm immediately.



4. Though she regretted this precipitate action excessively, it being no burglar, but Galahad Smith, who had come to invite her to lunch the following Sunday.

PRINCE HENRY WINS HIS FIRST RACE: THE



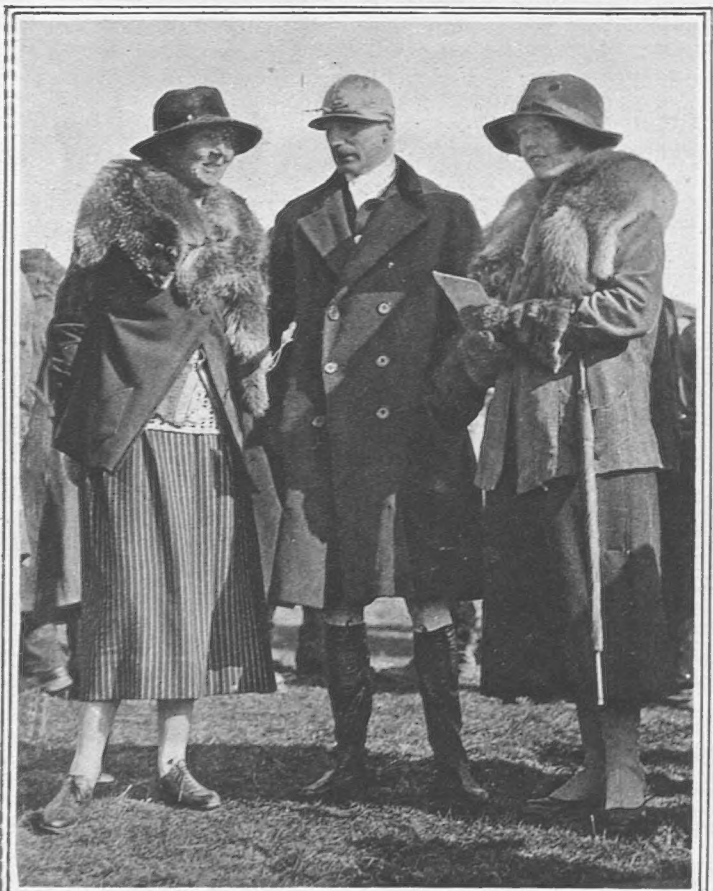
OVER THE LAST JUMP IN THE BICESTER HUNT RACE:
PRINCE HENRY WINS ON RATHGAROGUE.



WITH MRS. KINGSNOTE: LORD AND LADY
CHESHAM.



WITH MR. J. B. PEASE:



THE WINNER OF THE ADJOINING HUNTS' RACE: COLONEL TOMKINSON,
WITH MISS TOMKINSON AND MRS. HODGSON.



WITH MRS. ARKELL: MR. R. USSHER, WHO
WAS PLACED IN THE BICESTER HUNT RACE.



AT ONE OF THE JUMPS: CAPTAIN KENYON-
LADY MARY.

Prince Henry won his first race on Rathgarogue at the Bicester Hunt Point-to-Point Races, held at Warden Hill, Upper Boddington, near Banbury. Colonel Little's Solomon being second, and Mr. R. Ussher's Lismore third, out of a field of seven.—Lady Peyton is the wife of Sir Algernon Peyton, seventh Baronet, and was formerly Miss Joan Dugdale. She and her husband live at Swift's House, Bicester.—Captain Sir George Duckworth-King

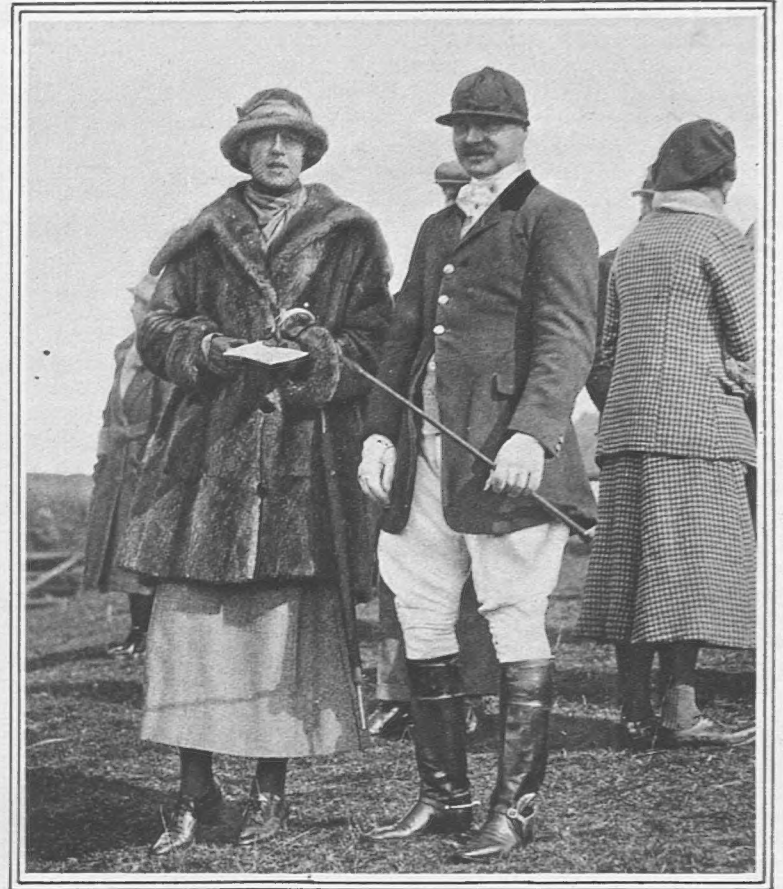
BICESTER HUNT POINT-TO-POINT RACES.



LADY PEYTON.



A COMPETITOR IN THE BRIGADE OF GUARDS RACE:
COLONEL PRICE, C.M.G., D.S.O., AND MRS. PRICE.



WITH SIR GEORGE DUCKWORTH KING:
LADY HENRY SEYMOUR.



SLANEY, THE HON. MRS. BOWLBY, AND
KENYON-SLANEY.



WITH LADY ORR-EWING: SIR NORMAN
ORR-EWING.



A TRIO OF SPECTATORS: MRS. FARMER, MRS. HERBERT
CARTER, AND MR. GERALD GUINNESS.

is the sixth Baronet, and is in the Grenadier Guards.—Colonel Tomkinson won the Adjoining Hunts' Race with his 'Waterfern'.—Captain Robert Orlando Kenyon-Slaney married in 1917 Lady Mary Hamilton, the eldest daughter of the Duke of Abercorn.—Sir Norman Orr-Ewing, D.S.O., the fourth Baronet, is a very distinguished soldier, and retired as Hon. Brigadier-General in 1919.—[Photographs by Alfieri.]



What Becomes of Old Blues?

A Question Put at Putney.

"What becomes of Old Blues?" This question, put at Putney recently whilst the rival crews were engaging in their daily practice, set one thinking. And one thought, "Of the Blues who have rowed in the races, how many have attained later on to distinction in life?"

To be able to recall, as one could, so large a number of these was gratifying; and the following examples are culled from a fairly formidable list. Lord Ampthill—that excellent sportsman who, after rowing in the Eton Eights of 1886-7-8, being Captain of Boats in the two last years, was one of the Oxford representatives in the Boat Races of 1889, when the Dark Blues lost, and of 1890-1, when they won, being President of the O.U.B.C. in 1891—has had a distinguished public career. From 1899 to 1906 he was Governor of Madras, and for a period during 1904 he acted as Viceroy and Governor-General of India. In 1898 he was a British Delegate at the International Conference on the Sugar Bounties at Brussels; and three years later became Pro-Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Freemasons of England. His aquatic successes other than those mentioned comprise the winning of the University Pairs in 1889-90 and the Silver Goblets at Henley in the same two years, and both in conjunction with Mr. Guy Nickalls. Lord Ampthill was also one of the 1891 Leander crew which won the Grand Challenge Cup. He was, too, President of the Oxford Union Society in 1891, and is still the President of the London Rowing Club, which Oxford crews on the tideway always make their headquarters, Cambridge boating from Leander.

A Distinguished All-Round Sportsman.

Another well-known Oxford oarsman, Lord Desborough, has also taken a large part in public life. He has been Chairman of the Thames Conservancy Board for many years; he is an ex-President of the London Chamber of Commerce, and President of the British Imperial Council of Commerce. He was a member of the Tariff Commission of 1904, and has been Chairman of several Government Committees. Besides pulling for Oxford a lusty oar in 1877—the year of the dead-heat—and also in 1878, he represented the Dark Blues in the three-miles race against Cambridge in 1876, and was both President of the O.U.A.C. and the O.U.B.C., which, unless one is very much mistaken, is a unique distinction. Although he played in a the Harrow Elevens of 1873-4, he never got his Cricket Blue; but his great versatility in sport is shown by the fact that, in addition to the foregoing, he has climbed in the Alps and shot in the Rocky Mountains, in India, and elsewhere; he has twice swum across Niagara, and stroked an eight across the Channel. For many years he was amateur punting champion, and in summer he is still frequently seen punting on the Maidenhead Reach.

Rowing Blues on the Bench.

Of Judges, the Boat Race has provided the Bench with not a few. Among them one may name the late Lords Justices Esher, Denman, Macnaghten, and Smith. The last-named

will go down to posterity as the plucky oarsman of the Cambridge crew of 1859 who, though he could not swim, pulled on gallantly with the rest until the boat sank, when he barely escaped with his life. His place in the crew was at No. 3, but he rowed at No. 4 in 1857, the year after the notable race on the ebb from Barker's Rails, Mortlake, to the Star and Garter, Putney; while he occupied the No. 2 thwart in 1858.

The late Mr. Justice Chitty was in the Oxford crews of 1848-9 and 1851-2. The race of 1849 is notable as the only occasion on which it has been won on a foul, Oxford gaining the verdict; whilst that of 1851 is not properly regarded as a University Boat Race, being a race for the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley, and not over the Putney to Mortlake course. During the first two years in which the late Mr. Justice Chitty rowed for Oxford there was in the Cambridge boat at the No. 3

twenty lengths in 18 min. 47 sec.—time which tied with the Oxford record of 1893. There were some persons, however, who made the time for the 1900 race two seconds faster. The City furnishes us with a notable instance in the person of the Rt. Hon. Reginald McKenna, Chairman of the London Joint City and Midland Bank, Ltd., since 1919, who rowed bow in the winning Oxford crew of 1887. Before going to the City, Mr. McKenna had, of course, a distinguished Parliamentary career. He won the Grand Challenge Cup and the Stewards' Cup at Henley.

Oarsmen in the Church.

The Church provides a distinguished example in the late Canon J. McCormick, so well known during his incumbency of St. James's, Piccadilly, as a forceful preacher. He, like Mr. D. C. Collins, of the Cambridge crew of 1912, had the very rare distinction of gaining his Blue both for rowing and cricket, occupying the sixth thwart in the Light Blue crew of 1856, when, as seven years later, the race was rowed from Barker's Rails, Mortlake, to the Star and Garter, Putney—a distance of 1200 yards more than the usual course, and subsequently leading Cambridge to a three-wickets victory at Lord's in the same year. Another representative of the Church was the late Very Rev. W. R. Freemantle, Dean of Ripon, who enjoyed the distinction of having steered Oxford to victory in the first Inter-Varsity Boat Race that was ever rowed—namely in 1829, when the contest took place from Hambleden Lock to Henley Bridge, the Dark Blues winning easily. In addition to the late Dean Freemantle, two-thirds of the members of the crews in the first race adopted the ministry as their calling, and ever since the Church has claimed a not inconsiderable portion of rowing Blues.

A Great Repository of Old Rowing Blues.

The Stock Exchange, too, is a great repository of old rowing Blues, the "House" at present claiming the following members, all of whom greatly distinguished themselves as oarsmen: Mr. F. I. Pitman, who stroked the Cambridge crews of 1884, 1885, and 1886—in the first and last year successfully; Mr. G. D. Rowe, the No. 6 of the Oxford crews of 1879 and 1880; Mr. Guy Nickalls, who assisted Oxford for five years, 1887 to 1891, occupying different positions in the boat, at Nos. 7, 6, 4, and 2, on four of these occasions; Mr. M. C. Pilkington, who stroked the Oxford crew of 1893 to victory, and rowed at No. 2 in the victorious Dark Blue crews of the two following years; Mr. C. D. Burnell, one of the finest heavy-weight oarsmen that Oxford has ever possessed, who rowed at No. 6 in the crew of 1895, at No. 4 in the crews of 1896 and 1897, and at No. 5 in the crew of 1898; and that celebrated Oxford stroke and coach, Mr. Harcourt G. Gold. For three years, 1896-7-8, he stroked the Dark Blues to victory, but, beaten in the following year, he missed setting up a record which Mr. R. C. Bourne was later to accomplish for Oxford, and which Mr. P. H. G. H. S. Hartley will endeavour to emulate this year for Cambridge—namely, of stroking four successive crews to victory in the University Boat Race.



THE OXFORD CREW IN LIGHTER MOMENTS: MEMBERS OF THE DARK BLUE EIGHT AT SHOVE-HA'PENNY.

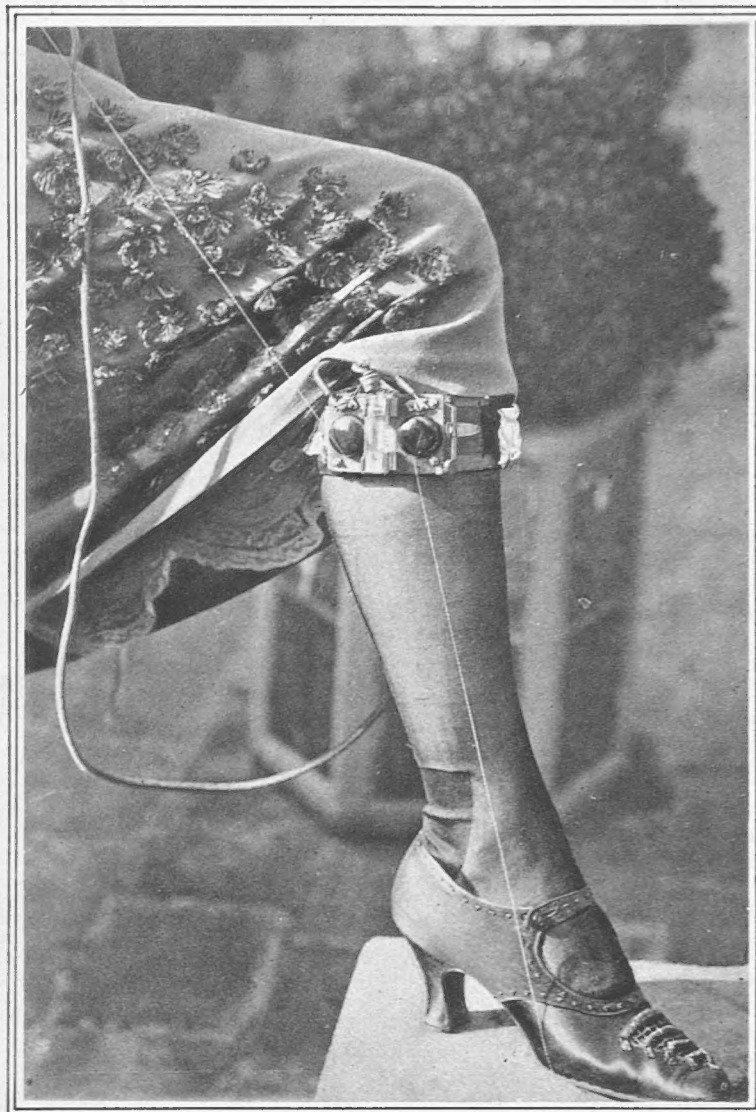
Our photograph shows Mr. G. O. Nickalls (left) and Mr. W. H. Porritt (cox) playing shove-ha'penny. At the back, from left to right, may be seen, Mr. G. Milling, Mr. D. T. Raikes, Mr. G. H. Barter, and Mr. A. V. Campbell.—(Photograph by I.B.)

thwart no less a person than the late Sir Albert de Rutzen, who for many years was the Senior Metropolitan Magistrate.

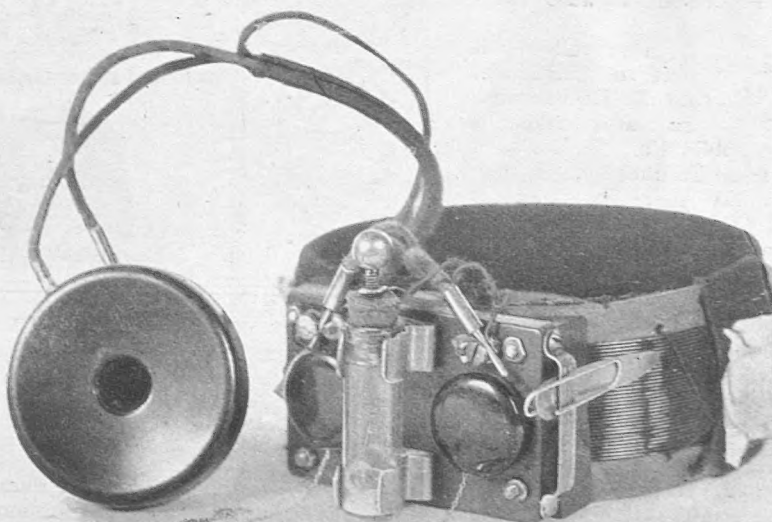
In the House of Commons.

The House of Commons shelters two rowing Blues in Sir A. G. Steel Maitland and Mr. W. Dudley Ward. The former, besides rowing in the losing Oxford crew of 1899, had an exceptionally brilliant academical career, finishing up with a Fellowship at All Souls; while the latter, who was Treasurer of his Majesty's Household from 1909 to 1912, and has been Vice-Chamberlain since 1917, was a member of the winning Cambridge crew of 1899, and also of the justly celebrated 1900 Light Blue combination—probably the finest crew that has ever rowed in the race. It defeated Oxford by

The Hello Garter!



1. LISTENING-IN TO WIRELESS GOSSIP BY MEANS OF HER GARTER: MISS GLADYS WALTON, THE FILM STAR.
2. SHOWING THE CHAIN WHICH MAKES CONTACT WITH THE GROUND: THE RADIO GARTER IN WEAR.
3. MADE IN THE FORM OF A LADY'S GARTER: THE LATEST WIRELESS NEWS-CATCHER.



The latest invention from the U.S.A. is the Radio Garter, by means of which wireless news may be caught—for example, from airmen in flight. The invention consists of wire coiled round a piece of stiff cardboard, covered with silk to give the semblance of a lady's garter. Attached to this are two ordinary light eye-glass chains, one of which, held under the foot, makes contact with the ground; the other, fastened to the coil of

wire arranged in the hat, forms the aerial. A bottle with the crystal detector in it, and a telephone receiver complete the invention, which enables the wearer to listen-in to the most private aerial conversations. The Radio Garter was evolved by Mr. Walter P. Miller, and was first introduced to the public at a dinner when Miss Gladys Walton, the film star, made her appearance wearing the instrument.

Photographs by Walter P. Miller.

Boat-Race "Blue Boys."



Mr. T.D.A. Collet (Bow)



Mr. A.J. Hodgkin (No. 2)



Mr. K.N. Craig (No. 3)

Mr. A.D.B. Pearson*
(No. 4)Mr. H.B. Playford*
(No. 5)

Mr. B.G. Ivory (No. 6)

The Hon. J.W.H. Fremantle*
(No. 7)

Mr. P.H.G.H.S. Hartley* (Stroke)



Mr. L.E. Stephens* (Cox)

LIGHT BLUE OARSMEN: THE CAMBRIDGE CREW.

The Cambridge Boat-Race Crew this year contains five Old Blues, who are marked with an asterisk on our page. Mr. T. D. A. Collet is Oundle and Pembroke; Mr. A. J. Hodgkin, Leighton Park and First Trinity; Mr. K. N. Craig, Cheltenham and Pembroke; Mr. A. D. B. Pearson, Winchester and First Trinity; Mr. H. B. Playford, St. Paul's

and Jesus; Mr. B. G. Ivory, Private and Pembroke; Mr. J. W. H. Fremantle, Eton and Third Trinity; Mr. P. H. G. H. S. Hartley, Eton and Lady Margaret; and Mr. L. E. Stephens, Felsted and Trinity Hall. The race will, of course, be rowed on Saturday next, April 1, and this page shows the selected eight. We do not give the spare man.

Photographs by I.B.

Boat Race "Blue Boys."



Mr. P.C. Mallam* (Bow)



Mr. A.C. Irvine (No. 2)



Mr. S. Earl* (No. 3)



Mr. G.H. Barter
(No. 4)



Mr. G.O. Nickalls* (No. 5)



Mr. D.T. Raikes* (No. 6)



Mr. G. Milling (No. 7)



Mr. A.V. Campbell. (Stroke)



* Mr. W.H. Porritt (Cox)

DARK BLUE OARSMEN: THE OXFORD CREW.

The Oxford crew, like the Cambridge, this year contains five Old Blues, whose names are marked with an asterisk on our page. Mr. P. C. Mallam is Lancing and Queen's; Mr. A. C. Irvine, Shrewsbury and Merton; Mr. S. Earl, Eton and Magdalen; Mr. G. H. Barter, Marlborough and Exeter; Mr. G. O. Nickalls, Eton and Magdalen; Mr. D. T.

Raikes, Radley and Merton; Mr. G. Milling, Radley and Merton; Mr. A. V. Campbell, Eton and Christ Church; and Mr. W. H. Porritt, Wyggeston School, Leicester and Magdalen. Our page gives the selected eight, and we do not include the spare man, Mr. J. E. Pedder, who took Mr. Irvine's place at practice last week.

Photographs by I.B.

A Family Study.



· WITH SARAH KATHERINE ELINOR NORTON: THE HON. MRS. RICHARD NORTON.

The Hon. Mrs. Richard Norton is the wife of the Hon. Richard Norton, only son of the fifth Lord Grantley. She is the daughter of Sir David Kinloch, C.B., M.V.O., eleventh Baronet, and was married in 1919.

Mr. and Mrs. Norton, who have one little girl, Sarah Katherine Elinor Norton, born in 1920, recently went to the United States. They are both very popular in Society, and Mrs. Norton is much admired.

Portrait Study by Marcus Adams, The Children's Studio, 43, Dover Street, W.

A Family Study.



THE SECOND DAUGHTER OF MRS. BRINTON: MRS. ARTHUR FAWCUS; WITH JIMMY. —

Mrs. Arthur Fawcus, who was formerly Miss Alexandra James, is the second daughter of the late Mr. "Willie" James, and of Mrs. Brinton, of West Dean Park, Sussex. She is a god-daughter of Queen Alexandra; married Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur Fawcus, D.S.O., M.C., T.D., in 1918;

and has a small son, Jimmy, who is shown with her in our portrait-study. Mrs. Fawcus's younger sister, Miss Audrey James, was married at the Brompton Oratory on Saturday, to Captain Dudley Coats, second son of Sir Stuart and Lady Coats.

Portrait Study by Marcus Adams, The Children's Studio, 43, Dover Street, W.



The Clubman. By Beveren.

"The Devil with Blue Eyes."

Impressionist interviewers are, I suppose, expected to see qualities and characteristics in the celebrities they interview which no one else can see.

Columns and columns have been written about Mr. Lloyd George. One would think nothing fresh could be said about him. But a French writer of intensity, of inventiveness, and, as I read him, of a morbid partiality for the theatrical, seems to have found a way. He concentrates upon the Premier's eyes. In one passage he becomes almost lyrical. He says you can no more see down into Mr. Lloyd George's eyes than you can into the waves of the sea. They are unfathomable. And at the height of some rather turgid eloquence he dubs our Prime Minister "The Devil with the Blue Eyes."

However, when he comes to earth—or shall we say when he quits the Grand Guignol atmosphere?—he does describe with aptness the peculiar magnetic charm exerted by Mr. Lloyd George. "He likes to ask you to breakfast; he hands you the toast in a friendly way, questions you familiarly between two cups of coffee and milk, unfolds a theory for your benefit while boning his haddock, and has got hold of you by the time the cigars are lighted."

Another Show with Colour.

The hubbub over the critics and over "The Singing Duck" having subsided, "Mayfair and Montmartre" has settled down into its natural and anticipated business of attracting well-satisfied audiences. The artists and the dress-designers agree that the Boccaccio scene and the Inca Ballet come as near perfection as anything seen on the London stage; while the children who have been to the show wonder why they heard nothing beforehand about the wonderful trembling blancmange that is carried on before the Boccaccio banquet.

I hear that one of the most celebrated of the critics went to the first night, but did not have to write about it. At a dinner-party the other night he confessed he was heartily pleased that he had not been on duty, because he was thus out of all the pother. And now his opinion, as critic, of the most-discussed revue ever produced in London could for ever be wropt in mystery.

Sir John Ferguson, the banker who has been one of the Government advisers on Reparations and trade revival in Europe, was at the first performance. Coming out of the theatre, he talked to a friend about the colour and the artistic *décor* of the production. Major Arnold Wilson was in the crowd, and was introduced to Sir John.

"Major Wilson has a production of his own at Olympia in May," said Sir John's friend. "He expects to get more colour in it even than in this show."

"Really," replied Sir John, looking puzzled.

Then it was explained to him that Major Wilson was the promoter of the forthcoming Carpentier-Lewis fight.

"Sammy" Woods.

"Sammy" Woods was one of the Rucker-Cricket celebrities who turned up at Twickenham for the England and Scotland match. What life and heartiness the old Somersetshire player breathes! And no one can help liking him.

Someone who was down in Somersetshire last summer was telling me tales of Sammy's boyishness. He loves to get someone to traipse with him over hills and moors for

fifteen miles or so, and then, in some wild, out-of-the-way spot, say enthusiastically, "Wouldn't a pint of ice-cold beer go down well just now?" His extenuated companion would probably mutter something about "Corn in Egypt," and then "Sammy" would lead him slyly to the bank of a stream, and, dipping his hand into some mysterious place beneath the bank, would bring out a hidden bottle of beer, cooled by the clear running water. And how "Sammy" would laugh at his friend's mystification!

Or he would produce a bottle of whisky tucked out of sight in the trunk of a tree

such sartorial glories uncomfortable. The weaklings hankered after the open shirt-front of civilian black-and-white, and accordingly a new Dress Reg. was promulgated authorising the present three-button affair. The cavalry, though, had a nicer regard for tradition, and a special dispensation was granted them to retain the ancient fashion until the uniforms in use were worn out.

Hitherto, they have put an elastic sort of interpretation upon the order, and tailors are still repairing old garments by the expedient of sewing new cloth on to old buttons. But the eyes of the unsleeping *dei* in the Whitehall machine have been opened to the offence, and "the practice must cease forthwith."

The coming of spring and the prospect of glad days in the summer are also causing the young men in civilian circles who regard themselves as moulders of fashion to exercise their wits. I hear of a half-hearted effort to introduce a double-breasted black waistcoat for wear with the dinner-jacket. Also Mr. Ted Trevor, the ball-room dancer, thinks there is a chance for the black silk waistcoat with the evening tail-coat. Mr. Walter Williams, Mr. Jack Buchanan, and Mr. Nelson Keys remain the chief exponents of minor innovation in men's wear.

Mr. O'Grady's Million.

Our Labour leaders are in the main pleasant, good-natured fellows. Mr. Ben Tillett and Mr. James O'Grady were at the National Sporting Club the other Monday night exchanging views with young cavalry officers and men about town.

Mr. O'Grady is off to Russia again. He is not Bolshevik, but he wants to see Russia on her feet again. He does not like to think of Russia becoming a German colony, which she will if the Allies do not mark and learn and act with firmness and wisdom. Mr. O'Grady got small-pox on his last visit to Russia, and was five weeks in an isolation hospital when he first returned. He says he is immune now from small-pox; but before going out again he must be inoculated against cholera and enteric. You want more than a passport when you visit Russia these days.

Mr. O'Grady brought back a present for a daughter after his last trip—a million roubles. He says that, after her first wave of excitement over so high-sounding a gift, she was ready to exchange the million and a few other articles besides for a sovereign in English money.

Mrs. Kendal Speaks.

About £700 was raised for "Handsome Jack" Barnes at the Palace matinee. I like these big charity and testimonial performances as well as any. They show that there is a wealth of talent on the London stage, though in these times it is not given daily opportunity to reveal itself. With what fine dramatic force Miss Madge Titheradge, for instance, spoke the "Clampherdown" lines.

And then there was Miss Ellen Terry! She gave us, when she could remember the first line—charming, human incident!—the "Quality of Mercy" speech from "The Merchant of Venice." These fugitive appearances of a great retired actress are of incalculable benefit to the younger generation.

Mrs. Kendal, in Victorian bonnet, came on the stage and spoke to Mr. Barnes and to the audience, and let us see that her enunciation is perfect as ever. Curiously, fine actress though she be, Mrs. Kendal could not give us the illusion that she was making a natural, impromptu speech. It was clear she had learned it by heart. I should say that this is a very difficult form of acting, because I have found so many celebrated actors fail in the very same respect.



A LADY OWNER AND HER TRAINER, AT LINCOLN: MRS. N. BROWNLEE, WITH MR. BATHO.

Mrs. N. Brownlee is a well-known lady owner, who was at Lincoln for the opening of the Flat Racing season. Our photograph shows her with her trainer, Mr. Batho. Among other horses, Mrs. Brownlee owns St. Bernard and Highlander.—[Photograph by I.B.]

whose map position he knew by heart and by instinct.

About Waistcoats.

The mandarins of the Army Council, having put paid to the account of a host of brave corps—here insert reference to the Geddes Axe—have turned their august attention to those vital military considerations the Dress Regulations. And somehow they have come upon the dying embers of that famous battle over the mess waistcoat.

In the days of the Duke, such waistcoats were worn buttoned up close to the neck; but a decadent race of subalterns arose who found



A CO-OPTIMIST IN PRACTICE DRESS :
MISS PHYLLIS MONKMAN.

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

- "LOYALTIES"; AND "SHALL WE JOIN THE LADIES?" (ST. MARTIN'S).
One of the best Galsworthy plays, dealing with a theft case in high Society. Excellent characterisation and capital acting throughout, especially in the case of the two dual rôles, played by Mr. J. H. Roberts and Mr. Ben Field. Followed by Barrie's very amusing "unfinished" work.
- "THE LADY OF THE ROSE" (DALY'S).
The best Daly piece since the war. Good music and, for a change, an interesting plot. Especially notable for a fine performance by Harry Welchman. Phyllis Dare and Huntley Wright at their best.
- "THE TRUTH ABOUT BLAYDS" (GLOBE).
A first-rate Pinero-esque play by A. A. Milne. The story of a Victorian poet's fraud. Brilliantly acted by Irene Vanbrugh, Norman McKinnel, and others.
- "THE BEGGAR'S OPERA" (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH).
Mr. Gay's famous Operetta is presented in C. Lovat Fraser's settings. "Revised" version, with songs originally omitted.
- "THE WHEEL" (APOLLO).
The triangle (Eternal, not Y.M.C.A.) in India. Picturesque and poignant drama. Brilliant acting by Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry; and excellent "support."
- "AMBROSE APPLEJOHN'S ADVENTURE" (CRITERION).
Sir Charles Hawtrey in perfection as his stage self and as a "tuppenny"-coloured, Skeltery pirate with "scummy" oaths.
- "THE SIGN ON THE DOOR" (PLAYHOUSE).
A Murder-Mystery Drama; and a magnificent piece of acting by Miss Gladys Cooper. Altogether a "gripping" play.
- *"ROUND IN 50" (LONDON HIPPODROME).
Most amusing, and charmingly spectacular. A very modern sequel to Jules Verne's "Round the World in Eighty Days." George Robey at his best; and excellent work by Barry Lupino, Renee Reel, Ruth French, and others.



A GREAT SUCCESS IN "POT LUCK" AT
THE VAUDEVILLE: MISS MARY LEIGH.

PLAYS EXCEPTIONALLY WORTH SEEING.

- "THE BAT" (ST. JAMES'S).
A mass of familiar detective complications; with a mystery very well sustained.
- "ENTER MADAME" (ROYALTY).
A comedy. Not particularly good as a play, but notable for brilliant acting, especially by one of the authors, Miss Gilda Varesi, as a temperamental prima-donna.
- "MIXED MARRIAGE" (ALDWYCH).
The Irish Players in St. John Ervine's drama, with a not-too-cheerful ending. Roman Catholic and Protestant in Belfast. Exceptionally good acting and a very well-written play.
- *"THE SILVER BOX" (COURT).
Galsworthy's famous play. A phase of life photographically set forth.
- "THE GILBERT AND SULLIVAN OPERAS (PRINCE'S).
Rupert D'Oyly Carte's Season; with all the favourites which have made Gilbert and Sullivan Opera a delight for so many years. (Last weeks.)
- GRAND GUIGNOL (LITTLE THEATRE).
An interesting series of plays. The most gruesome of the quintet is "The Regiment," a drama new here, and distinctly too horrible for the average British playgoer.
- "THE FUN OF THE FAYRE" (LONDON PAVILION).
Mr. Cochran's successful revue. Second attractive version.
- "POT LUCK" (VAUDEVILLE).
Beatrice Lillie, Jack Hulbert, and Mary Leigh excellent. Also Norah Blaney and Gwen Farrar.
- "BLOOD AND SAND" (NEW THEATRE).
A picturesque swagger adapted from Ibañez's novel, and with a happy domestic ending. Mr. Matheson Lang as the Matador hero, with pig-tail.
- "SALLY" (WINTER GARDEN).
Musical comedy—mostly Leslie Henson, but with large doses of George Grossmith, Dorothy Dickson, and other clever people.
- "QUALITY STREET" (HAYMARKET).
Sir J. M. Barrie's most sugary play, charmingly presented, and well acted by Fay Compton, Mary Jerrold, Hilda Trevelyan, and Leon Quartermaine.
- "THE CO-OPTIMISTS" (PALACE).
An amusing "Follyish" show. New programme.
- "THE YELLOW JACKET" (KINGSWAY).
A welcome revival, with Benrimo himself as the bored Property Man.
- "THE ENCHANTED COTTAGE" (DUKE OF YORK'S).
Interesting as being a new Pinero play. Otherwise undistinguished, except for the acting. Barrie-esque, but not well handled in that master's manner.
- "WELCOME STRANGER" (LYRIC).
The un-"Welcome Stranger" provides a triumph for the Jewish Potash-and-Perlmutter comedian, Harry Green, who is both amusing and sympathetic. Mr. George Elton also excellent.
- "MAYFAIR AND MONTMARTRE" (NEW OXFORD).
With Delysia. Chiefly notable for certain charming scenic effects, pageantry, and dresses.
- *"THE CURATE'S EGG" (AMBASSADORS).
Verbal fireworks, Arthur Wimperis brand; not always displayed to the best advantage by those letting them off. Mainly Nelson Keys, who is at his best in his strictly "character" studies. Irene Russell attractive. Tuneful music by Herman Finck. An "egg" likely to get fresher as it gets older.
- *"THE MAN IN DRESS CLOTHES" (GARRICK).
French farce, "boiled down" and mixed with sentiment. Mr. Seymour Hicks as a light-hearted aristocrat, broke to the wide, winning back his wife—charming Miss Barbara Hoffs. Mr. Stanley Logan decidedly funny.



THE DREAM WEDDING IN PINERO'S FANTASY: "THE ENCHANTED COTTAGE," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

It should be noted that the opinion here given is purely editorial and entirely unprejudiced, and for the benefit of those who are not regular visitors to town, and have but a short time at their disposal. It must be emphasised that there are other entertainments well

worth seeing. These include "A to Z"; "The Golden Moth"; "Cairo"; "Rockets"; and "Nightie Night." None of these "mentions" is paid for. Productions too late for this list will be "placed" in our next number. * First mention in our list.



Tales with a sting.

BACK TO THE OLD LOVE.

BY WALTER E. GROGAN.

(Author of "The King's Scapen," "The King's Cause," etc.)

"SO the widow Smith turned you down." Charles Avery lit another cigarette to hide an involuntary smile. The jests of the gods at the expense of others are always sure of appreciation from the spectators.

"Yes," the Hon. Julian Ward replied savagely. His pursuit of the wealthy American was tolerably well known. For two years he had waltzed over Europe after her coquettish skirt, fetching and carrying, a purring tame cat. Always on the verge of being engaged, always suffering from alarms at her sudden flirtations with other men. And there in New York she had announced her approaching marriage with Jabez Bluter, of Chicago, a quiet man of early middle age who had twice crossed her path in Europe.

"Rotten luck," Avery said. "Well, it's rum running into you like this. Nearly three years since you were in jolly old England. Then I come over to lil' Old New York, and run across you at my first dinner. . . . You've aged a bit, Julian, old son." He was not keen on Julian. He did not like his ways. He himself was an open-air man, and Julian liked the air of conservatories. But they were of the same class, the same club, the same school.

"Three years are three years," Julian answered snappily.

Looks a bit more. Worried?"

"About the end of my tether," Julian replied. He was so hard up that he was reckless enough to tell the truth.

"Had to keep your end up huntin' the naughty widow! All wasted too," Avery yawned. "Better to have stuck to Esther."

"What!" Julian wheeled round, pausing with his hand above Avery's silver cigarette-box.

"Well, she must run Mrs. Bluter pretty near for cash."

"Esther! Esther Lorone! What rot are you talking? She was hopelessly, infernally poor." He spoke bitterly. That little episode was nearer the genuine thing than any of his numerous experiments. It had given him a pang when he ran away from temptation and went in pursuit of real business, and found it eventually via Monte in the shape of the wealthy Mrs. Smith. Esther! She had believed in him so thoroughly. Such a sweet, ingenuous, trusting nature. Rather plain, and dressed atrociously, but with so great an admiration for him. A delightful memory.

There was an ancient aunt in Scotland. Living in Scotland, she was bound to save. She saved to the tune of a hundred thousand. Died and left it all to Esther."

"Good heavens! When?"

"A month or so after you cleared out of Seychester, old thing."

"What's become of her?" Julian looked at the fire with speculative eyes.

"Oh, lives on at Seychester, I believe. Supports, instead of being supported by, the godmother."

"What, that wretched little house!"

"She was hit pretty badly, Julian, old bean. Nearly broke down altogether. It wasn't cricket." He shook his head reprovingly.

"Poor little girl!" Julian murmured and smiled.

The next boat to England contained on its passenger list the name of the Hon. Julian Ward.

Seychester had not altered. It was as idyllically quiet, or as supremely dull (both descriptions have been applied) as it was

when Julian stayed there recuperating from a hectic season and a disastrous Goodwood.

The same half-mile of promenade, the same stiff little garden with a rivulet dissecting it with mathematical accuracy, the same smug little houses in terraces, and bigger villas and neat shops. Not one added, not one demolished.

A mile along the coast was a high knoll looking down upon Seychester. Julian climbed it after breakfast—he had arrived late the previous evening—and chose the remotest bench. It was a seat that had many memories for him.

Julian smiled at the sea. His thoughts were pleasant ones. A hundred thousand pounds can give birth to a very big family of such. Throughout the passage home he had thought of Esther. A fresh, simple country girl. Who now probably mourned sentimentally over the one romance of her life.

He had made inquiries at the hotel of a paragon, a taciturn waiter. "Didn't a Mrs. Brown—no, Green—live in Seychester?" The slip over the name would suggest to the man that it was only an idle inquiry. "Mrs. Green of Seaview House?" So James. "Died! Died here eighteen months ago." Julian had gasped. Was his journey futile? "Wasn't there a daughter?" This, staring out of window. "Godchild—female," Julian ventured again. "She doesn't live there now?" "She does," James had answered, and hurried away dismayed at his own loquacity.

Julian was quite sure that she would come. He could picture her making her daily pilgrimage to the little seat hallowed with so many thronging memories. Poor little girl. Looking over the sea, a floor of diamond points under the late spring sunshine, he made a resolution to be very good to her.

He was so immersed in his thoughts that she was only ten yards away when he became aware of her approach. He rose quickly, stood bareheaded, smiling. Esther Lorone! How well he remembered the clear brown eyes, the little head with the gold-brown hair, the erect carriage. Yet there was a difference—a great, stimulating difference. She was no longer rather plain, dowdy, and insignificant. Her coat and skirt, her blouse, her hat, her shoes, were just right. She had a certain distinction. What a world of difference money made.

"Esther!" he cried. She started, stared, hesitated a moment, then came forward quickly, both hands outstretched.

"Julian!" Her eyes sparkled, there was a flush on the round oval of her cheeks.

"I came—to the old seat," he said presently. Julian had been a little silent and embarrassed. He had thought that discreet in the first moments of their meeting.

"Yes. . . . It is such a pleasant view." She was overwhelmed, poor little thing, he thought with tenderness.

"I did not come for the view," he said reproachfully.

"The air? Julian you—you are not ill? You have not come to Seychester again for the sake of your health?" There was a flattering anxiety in her voice.

"Yes. . . . It is for the sake of my health—health of mind and soul." He sighed.

"I don't understand," she said slowly.

"You don't mean that you—you have mental trouble?" How literal the poor child had always been.

"No, no; not that at all," he cried hastily.

"It is nearly three years ago, Esther, since we parted."

"It seems much longer," she answered, looking at her smart shoes.

"It has been an eternity," he said, with proper warmth. "When I left you I went with a sad heart."

"Did you?" The voice was a little smothered. "You did not tell me."

"I could not. I dared not. I thought it was best to go."

"I—I feel sure that you thought that."

"How you understand!" he exclaimed, with the due amount of admiration. "I had to be cruel. I was in despair lest you would not know that I was being cruel to myself also."

"Were you—cruel to yourself, Julian?" She gave him a quick, fluttering look.

"Can you ask? To leave you—to go without a word. . . . But I knew that it was better for you, loving me as you did, to believe me heartless. But I was strong enough not to write."

"Yes, you were quite strong enough for that."

"I was miserable, very miserable."

"Poor, poor Julian! Just wandering in solitude the great weary wastes of the Continent, hugging your misery."

"Just that, Esther. Living in memories of Seychester. . . . I thought that you would forget."

"How could I?" she murmured. "You were the first man who had ever spoken to me as you did—who ever said that he loved me."

"Esther." He caught a hand of hers in a passionate grasp. "It has all been so futile. We have wasted three years."

"Yours were wasted also." It was not so much a question as a shy, glad assertion.

"You realise what my last years have been?"

"I think—yes, I think I do," she replied quietly.

"I felt that I had no right to speak to you because I was poor."

"But you had spoken, Julian," she said in surprise. "Oh, I see, you could not become engaged."

"So I went away. Esther, can you forgive me?"

"Oh, yes." Again the smothered little voice. How emotional she was. And how generous. "You have come back. That is all that matters."

"What, after all, is poverty, if we care, Esther?" he cried enthusiastically.

"Nothing. I have always known that; but it has taken you a long time to find it out, Julian."

"Ah, the wisdom of women. A woman has intuition; a man learns by suffering. I dreaded to doom you to a life of comparative poverty."

"But, Julian, you knew how greatly I loved you. I—I never made a secret of that. I was proud and happy to boast of it. I thought no girl had ever loved as I did."

"Dear, dear Esther!" He gazed at her ardently.

"And you left me—without a word. It—it hurt very badly."

"But you know the reason now," he cried.

"Oh, yes; I know the reason now," she answered softly.

"And when a woman cares she forgives."

"Yes—freely, freely, Julian."

"My dearest!" He took her second hand, and she smiled at him. "You are brave

(Continued on page xx.)

This Week's Studdy.



"A FRIEND IN NEED."

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDDY.



MASSES AND UNITS—FROM RAFT TO DOUBLE

Floating is one of the most exacting of balancing exercises; but it is well worth mastering, for when several persons with some experience of floating combine to form figures on the surface, a most fascinating exhibition can be given. Our pictures illustrate the combination-figure floating as achieved by members of the Beckenham Ladies' Swimming Club, under the direction of Mr. H. R. Austin, Official Lecturer to the Southern Counties Amateur Swimming Association. The figures may be divided into (a) mass, and (b) figures in which the mass splits up into units of two, three, or four persons. The easiest mass figure is the Raft, illustrated in our first photograph. Any number can take part in this, each alternate floater lying by the side of, but in the opposite direction to, those beside her. The raft is developed into the figure shown in our second illustration by the slow extension of the arms (the hands still holding the ankles of the next floater) and the opening of the legs. Our illustration shows one of three units of three persons. After opening, bending, and stretching the limbs, two of these units are joined up by two individual floaters, and form Fig. 3—the Wheel.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY N. L. PARKER.



TRIANGLE: COMBINATION - FIGURE FLOATING.

The Triangle figures, Nos. 4 and 5, develop by bending and stretching each limb in turn, each of the poses conducing to wonder as to what the next development will be; and the conclusion (Fig. 6), when all three face inward and grasp the hands on either side to float face downward, is a surprise. The Diamond Cross (Fig. 7) is a simple but exceedingly interesting figure. When nicely balanced, the floater whose legs are above those of the other, releases one foot, and the leg is brought gently up and over the leg above it; the other leg is next released and brought up, and so on, the lower legs being brought uppermost in turn. Illustration No. 8 shows the Anchor figure, made up of four, five, or seven floaters, the larger numbers admitting of widening and lengthening the figure, and Subject No. 9 shows the Triangle with the addition of two floaters to the base, forming a second triangle. The central floater remains motionless until those forming the exterior sides have stretched all the limbs, and then stretches all her own, the whole figure thus becoming widely extended.

THE BEST HANDFUL!





RETURNING TO THE STAGE, IN "RUNNING WATER": MISS EDNA BEST (MRS. SEYMOUR BEARD) AND HER TWINS.

Miss Edna Best will take the leading part of Sylvia in "Running Water," the new A. E. W. Mason play (based on the successful novel), which is promised for April 5, at Wyndham's. Miss Best is the charming young actress who made such a success in "Brown Sugar," at the Garrick in 1920, and who took the title-rôle of Peter Pan in

the 1920 production. It will be remembered that she left the stage on her marriage to Mr. Seymour Beard, and "Running Water" will be the occasion of a very welcome return. Miss Best is the mother of twin sons—John, who is Mr. Vedrenne's godson, and called after him; and James, who is named after Sir James Barrie, his godfather.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

Hospital Rugger Experts.



SIX TIMES WINNERS OF THE HOSPITAL CUP: THE "LONDON" R.F.C.

The London Hospital were the champions in the Inter-Hospital Rugby Football Cup, being defeated by Guy's in the final at Richmond. They first won the trophy in 1888-9, and have secured it six times in all. Our artist has pictured some of the fifteen, including Mr. L. G. Brown,

the famous player who announced that the Inter-Hospital Cup Final would be his last game of Rugger. He played for England in 1911, 13, 14, 21, and 22, with exceptional ability as a Captain and leader of the scrum.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY H. F. CROWTHER SMITH.

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From the Riviera.

Monte Carlo— the Playground of Princes.

This is indeed the Playground of Princes! And no wonder they like to make it so! Here the Duke of Connaught comes and goes just like 'one of us'—free from the pomp which is the perpetual plague of princes. Though ostensibly at his villa at Cap Ferrat, the popular Royal Duke is over here very often. A few nights ago he was dining in my hotel (the Paris), quite simply at a table in the restaurant, *sans* flowers, *sans* anything special, with the Hon. Sir John and Lady Ward, Mrs. Clayton, Sir Sidney Greville, Captain Berkeley Levett, and one or two others. And after dinner, what did they do? Well, they just sat in the hall, and the Duke of Connaught and his party took coffee there—while everyone else tried to pretend they were not *really* looking at him, nor at Lady Ward's rose-du-barri dress and silver cloak!

The Shah of all the Persians is a faithful visitor, too. He, also, was dining at the Paris a few nights ago, with his brother and two gentlemen-in-waiting. Such a dear, ingenuous face he has! If his looks and manners are a true indication of his character, then indeed his subjects are to be congratulated. He appears to take such a child-like interest in the gambling! The other night he wore white kid gloves instead of his usual grey ones; but whichever they are, he never removes them—perhaps his creed forbids the soiling of his hands by the touch of money!

Suzanne's Return.

"Will she play or will she not?" That is what all votaries of lawn-tennis have been saying, for the Nice Tennis Tournament announced Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen's reappearance, and so—

"will she play or will she not?" I motored over to Nice for the opening day, and after a good lunch at the Grand Cercle, started off for the courts. Of course, we went to the Place Mozart; but, if you please, it was not there at all, but at the Parc Imperial! It is extraordinary how stupidly they announce these things. However, in due course we arrived at the right place, and I must say I was very much surprised to see the very small attendance. Just a thin fringe of people round the three principal courts, including, however, the Duke of Connaught.

Suzanne *did* play! (We must not, I suppose, lay too much stress on the weakness of her opponents, nor on the excellent partner she had chosen in Count Soumarokoff-Elston.) With her pleated white skirt—barely reaching to her knees; I wonder why?—and with a

bright, peacock-blue knitted coat which perfectly matched the now well-known bandeau, she looked very striking on a day when most of the other lady players were equally arresting in their clothes.

A Striking Trio.

The Countess of Rocksavage had chosen a jade-green Shetland jumper without sleeves (this gave one an opportunity of seeing and admiring the gold snake twirling a diamond-studded head above her left elbow). A white, pleated skirt of moderate length and that little drab felt hat with its splash of yellow of which she is so fond completed her get-up. Miss Ryan, not to be outdone in vivid hues, had garbed herself in an egg-yellow silk jumper, and round her tidily dressed head had knotted a narrow yellow ribbon. Such a contrast these three!—blonde Miss Ryan, cheerful and buxom; dark Lady Rocksavage, serious and slim; and Mlle. Lenglen, whose determined-looking, pronounced features and black hair are truly *méditerranéennes*. Lord Rocksavage was among the competitors, and so

during their short stay, and they have now gone to Italy. A very noticeable trio here are Mme. de Bittencourt and her daughters. The Countess of Lisburne and her unmarried sister, Mlle. de Bittencourt, are amazingly alike, both with the pale complexions, low brows, and waving dark hair so characteristic of Latin America. Their mother's snow-white hair is always meticulously dressed, and shows up her fine dark eyes—in fact, mother and daughters make a very handsome picture as one sees them either in the restaurant at the Paris or gambling away at baccarat.

At the Sporting Club.

Lady Cunard's daughter, Mrs. Fairbairn—who is almost more like Lady Cunard than Lady Cunard herself!—is often to be seen tempting fortune at roulette. One afternoon she wore a mauve tulle scarf tied across her eyebrows, with floating ends, under a big grey felt hat, which looked, oh, so Spanish! Mrs. Langtry, well away from the lure of the limelight, busies herself with the garden of her villa in the Condamine, and seldom comes to the gambling-rooms. However, I have twice come across her in the Sporting Club, each time wearing heavy dark clothes, reaching almost to the ground, and a big black hat. . . . I can imagine her looking better in almost anything else!

Sir Ian Malcolm has just arrived at the Hôtel de Paris; and Sir Stephenson Kent has been here with his wife, wearing some of her lovely Cartier jewels. Sir Basil Zaharoff, of course, is here too; they call him the "Uncrowned King of Monte Carlo," you know. M. Fleury is much *en évidence*, to everyone's great satisfaction; and I would say that in him is embodied an entire Corps Diplomatique. Lady Sarah Wilson, the Hon. Sir Henry Stonor (how difficult it is to drop the usual "Harry"!) and Sir Augustus FitzGeorge have made fitful appearances in the Sporting.



Mlle. SPERANZA.



Mlle. SUZANNE LENGLEN.



COUNT SOUMAROKOFF-ELSTON.

Mlle. LENGLEN RETURNS—AND WINS: LAWN-TENNIS AT NICE.

Mlle. Speranza played with Mr. B. Marion Crawford in the Open Mixed Doubles in the South of France Championships, and reached the semi-final round, where she and her partner were defeated by the winners—Mlle. Lenglen and Count Soumarokoff-Elston.—Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen made her reappearance in the South of France Championships, and won the Open Mixed Doubles, partnered by Count Soumarokoff-Elston, beating Lord Rocksavage and Miss Ryan in the final. She also won the Ladies' Open Doubles, partnered by Miss Ryan.—Count Soumarokoff-Elston was formerly Champion of Russia. He won the Open Singles at Nice, beating Mr. H. Cochet.

Photographs by Caudery.

was Lady Joan Capell, whose mother, Adèle Countess of Essex, was among the onlookers, as were Lady Wavertree and Lady D'Abernon (also a player).

A Successful Concert.

Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone go nearly everywhere, beginning the day by playing tennis on the courts of the Carlton Hotel. Lady Glentanar has arrived at the Carlton with her son, but he is off now motor-ing in Italy. The Grand Duchess Cyril gave a very successful concert for Russian refugees, at which, amongst many others present, were Admiral the Hon. Sir Hedworth and Lady Meux, and Lady Coats and her daughter.

I caught a fleeting glimpse of the Hon. Diamond Hardinge and her high Ambassadorial father in the Hôtel de Paris the other day; but Monte Carlo has seen little of them

Russian Dancers and Roulette Dances.

To-day King Manoel and his consort were lunching at the Paris with Lady Coats, and watched the world from a window table.

The other night the Duke of Connaught was at the Paris with Lady Essex and her girl. By the way, the Russian dancers there have a rival in the Russian dancers at Oreste's, where we have had roulette dances as well as gala dinners, which Mrs. Arthur Wilson, wearing pearls and diamonds in profusion, has often attended with a big party. At the Café de Paris another Russian dancer is to be found; and Samya does an exciting goblin dance to the music of "Peer Gynt." Dancing provides an *embarras de richesses* when combined with the various excellent menus!



The Literary Lounger. By Keble Howard.

Life at School. I have to thank Mr. Arthur Machen for giving me a nightmare. I had been reading, just before I fell asleep, his new novel, entitled "The Secret Glory"—of which more in a moment. In my nightmare I was a grown man condemned to return to school. I think I was a sort of private boarder. So far as I remember, I did no work—wherein history repeated itself—but I had to keep the school hours. I was soundly rated, I know, for being out so late as six o'clock in the evening.

This horrible dream revealed to me the reason why some boys are perfectly happy at school, and always talk of their schooldays as though heaven had little to offer in comparison, whilst others would rather perish untimely than go through one week of any one term over again. I believe that the people who love school are simply those who can subject themselves willingly and happily to discipline; whilst those who hate it—fortunately for schoolmasters, they are in the minority—do not resent so much the incidental character of the life as the fact that they are powerless to escape from it until they attain a certain age.

Captivity! That's the feller! That was what galled me in my dream. I was no longer a free agent. I had to rise to the sound of a bell, take my meals in company with many persons whom one had no desire to meet, eat what was set before me—monstrous thought!—and take part in recreations, as to the nature of which I had not been consulted, with a herd of others selected with the most supreme and cynical arrogance.

With Regard to Floggings.

One thing, at any rate, I did not experience in my dream. There was no suggestion of a flogging. I doubt if there was anybody in the place who would have cared to take it on. In earlier days, however, when I was a good deal smaller and lighter, two or three people did take it on.

Those who have never been caned or birched—my feminine readers, for example—would hardly believe what a difference it makes to be dealt with in that respect by a gentleman. Only once was I birched, and that was for an act of patriotism. I was trying to perpetuate a tradition of the school in the matter of the fruit in the headmaster's garden. The head had decided that the tradition should lapse, and our difference of opinion was settled in the Common Room on

a certain Monday morning immediately after prayers.

I shall always remember with gratification that the final victory was mine. If I was in a false position when we met in his kitchen-garden, he was the most uncomfortable man I ever saw when we met in the Common Room. He had hidden the birch on a high shelf, so that it should not offend the eye when I entered the room. Directly the operation was over, back went the birch to the high shelf, and a very charming little speech of reconciliation followed. As for me, I had made no sound. I was sorry for the man. But I liked him all the better for his diffidence.

The Cad and the Cane.

But all masters are not like that. There are some masters who should never be trusted within a mile of a cane. It brings

hands—so many strokes in proportion to the cumulative guilt of the offender. That was the injustice of it. If a boy had received six strokes on a Monday, and the following Monday showed no improvement, he would then get eight, and so on.

The master who wielded this cane was a fine, tall fellow. And he used the cane with tremendous force. I can still see that tiny, ink-stained fellow, whose parents were probably at the ends of the earth, timorously holding out his swollen, bruised, bleeding little hands to receive another, and another, and another cruel and vicious stroke. And this went on, mind you, all the term and every term.

"It Isn't Like That Now." When one talks to people of filthy iniquities of that sort, they invariably reply, "Oh, yes; but it isn't like that now." Why

shouldn't it be like that now? Has such a wonderful change come over human nature? Because there is always one boy who grates on the nerves of the master in authority over him. He is probably a boy of marked character. He does not "sort up" as conveniently as could be wished. He may have a touch of genius in him. He may be the one boy in the school who is destined to bring glory to the school in after years. But that will not save him from suffering. He may not get a strict and formal lashing, but he will be made to suffer, somehow or other, for his idiosyncrasies. And that is as true as death.

Mr. Machen's Jolly Story.

The evolution of the school story is extremely interesting. We began, of course, with "Eric." Rack my brains as I will, I cannot remember anything whatever about that classic. We then had "Tom Brown's School-days," which one read as a boy and loved for the fight. There was

also a character called Scud East, I think, and something rather cosy about making toast in a study.

From these we passed to the stories of Talbot Baines Reed. (Only a few weeks ago, I bought a copy of "A Dog with a Bad Name." My childish illusions were dispelled, I regret to say.) Now it is the fashion to cut the mawkishness, and insert in its place a sort of realism which is usually too strong an ingredient for the dish, and spoils the whole. Such stories as these lead unsophisticated people to suppose that all boys at public schools have thoroughly unclean minds, which is absurd. The cook who is going to experiment with garlic should first know its penetrative powers.

[Continued overleaf.]



CHILDREN OF WELL-KNOWN FOLLOWERS OF THE PYTCHLEY IN A WORDLESS PLAY: PERFORMERS IN THE MATINÉE IN AID OF THE NORTHAMPTON COUNTY CRICKET CLUB.

The names of the children in our group are, from left to right (Seated): Miss Sybil Kennedy (Goliwog); Miss Lulu Armfield (Pierrot); Miss Joan Burnyeat (Mother Goose). Second Row: Miss Joan Armfield (Fairy); Miss Ruth and Miss Pamela Garrard (Sleeping Sisters); and Back Row: Miss Florrie Armfield (Soldier); Miss Kitty Payne (English Doll); Miss Jean Campbell and Miss Doreen Lowther (Dutch Dolls); and Miss Lilah Jelf (Japanese Doll). These young people appeared in a delightful play without words written by Miss Barbara Garrard, the eldest daughter of Major H. S. Garrard, of Welton Hall, Northamptonshire, which was given at a matinée performance in Northampton, organised by Miss Sylvia Renton, of Guilsborough House, Northamptonshire, in aid of the County Cricket Club.—[Photograph by "Northampton Independent."]

out all their innate caddishness. I remember a very small boy who used to sit somewhere near me at the first real school to which I went. I suppose we were both about nine. But I was a day boy, whereas this luckless little wretch was a boarder.

I never knew a boy, before or since, with such a genius for getting into trouble. He was never out of it. His face and his hands, and his collar and his clothes, and his books—all were covered with ink. Not occasionally, mind you, but always. I doubt if he was even clean on Sunday. Dirt and untidiness appeared to be a kind of heritage.

My blood boils now when I remember the furious and incessant canings that I was forced to witness of that small boy. It was the practice at this school to cane on the

3 to 1.



PROFFY TEAR, ESQ.: 'Ow much do you charge to trace back famerly 'ist'ry?

THE GENEALOGIST: Fifty pounds to have it hunted up. A hundred and fifty to have it hushed up.

DRAWN BY LENDON.

Mr. Arthur Machen, of course, has the utmost contempt for every book ever written about any school whatsoever. It would be ridiculous to say that he "goes further" than his predecessors. He is not to be measured by their efforts, because "The Secret Glory" is on a wholly different plane. In vain I seek for adjectives to describe this staggering work. I would not insult it by using the terms "clever," or "brilliant," or "amazing." Well, I have told you what it did to me—gave me a nightmare. It is not a book that I would advise you to read late at night. Indeed, unless you are the possessor of a very clear, strong, critical brain, it is not a book I would advise you to read at all.

The Mystical Schoolboy.

Ambrose Meyrick is the last word in weird school-boys. Delivered body and soul into the keeping of an uncle who is a house-master at "Lupton," the book opens with a horrible scene in which the uncle unmercifully thrashes his nephew because the uncle's liver had been upset by the Head's sherry and his equanimity by the Head's mild criticisms. You want the boy to steal to his uncle's bedside with a knife and stab him to the heart. But Ambrose is not that sort. This is the sort he is—

"A wonderful joy, an ecstasy of bliss, swelled in Ambrose's heart as he assured himself that he was a witness, though a mean one, for the old faith, for the faith of secret and beautiful and hidden mysteries as opposed to the faith of rocker and sticker and mucker, and the thought of the school as an inspiring motive in life—the text on which the Head had preached the Sunday before. He bared his arms and kissed the purple, swollen flesh, and prayed that it might ever be so, that in body and mind and spirit he might ever be beaten and reviled and made ridiculous for the sacred things, that he might ever be on the side of the despised and the unsuccessful, that his life might be ever in the shadow—in the shadow of the mysteries."

Do you believe in the existence of such a boy? If you don't, I fear you know as little of the mind and soul of the exceptional boy as the average schoolmaster knows. "Peculiar," "unhealthy," "morbid"—such are the terms that would be applied to this boy by ninety-nine schoolmasters out of a hundred. They are like moulds; they can only turn out one style of article. Any material that will not adapt itself to their mould must be ground to atoms and thrown away as worthless. Which applies to your average University Don as well as to your average schoolmaster.

What Ambrose Did.

The revenge of Ambrose was the most diabolical thing conceivable. He had to show these men, and his flogging, liverish uncle in particular, that a boy who was "different" was not of necessity a waster. He determined to administer a shock that would blast them out of their velvet cells. And here, if you like, you may say that no living boy could have done it. I don't know that he could, but Mr. Machen takes violent means to reach a violent end. After all, you can't do much blasting with sifted sugar.

Ambrose sets himself to succeed at Lupton as the normal boy would succeed. He becomes a model of all the scholastic virtues. He works hard, plays hard, and sings hymns and school songs with astonishing fervour. The unfortunate masters are delighted. They believe that his "reform" was effected by the cruel thrashing he got from his uncle. They beam at him. They pat him on the

back. He will evidently bring lasting glory to Lupton.

Then Ambrose fires the train so carefully laid all these years. On second thoughts, I won't tell you what it was. My space is diminishing, and I would not spoil the effect for Mr. Machen. Besides, I doubt if it is quite the thing for these light and frivolous pages.

Side by side with this story of the progress of Ambrose runs another—the decline of the



POLO-PLAYERS OF NOTE ON THE RIVIERA: COLONEL MELVILL, D.S.O.; BARONESS DE SCHROEDERS; MRS. J. M. ROBERTSON; AND BARON DE SCHROEDERS (L. TO R.). Colonel Melvill, D.S.O., 17th Lancers, and Baron Schroeders are two of the well-known polo-players who have been playing on the Riviera this year. Our photograph shows them about to start off for a match at Mandelieu.

uncle. I believe with Mr. Machen that a higher power than ours punishes those who have done us a cruel wrong. "We are forced to the conclusion," he says, "that we do not altogether understand the management of the universe." I will leave the question, for the time being, at that.



GIVING A RECITAL AT THE WIGMORE HALL ON APRIL 5: MR. ROLAND HAYES, THE AFRICAN TENOR.

Mr. Roland Hayes, who is giving a recital at the Wigmore Hall on the evening of April 5, is the wonderful African tenor who has been rousing so much interest and admiration. He was born in the United States, and is of pure African descent. He received his musical education from Mr. Arthur J. Hubbard, and has sung before the most critical audiences of the United States and of this country. Mr. Hayes received a Royal Command to appear at Buckingham Palace in April 1921, and sang before the King and Queen, Princess Mary, and the Duke of York. His Majesty afterwards presented him with a diamond pin.

"The Torch-Bearers."

Mr. Alfred Noyes is one of those wonderful people who keep on writing poetry. Here is a new volume which, "while complete in itself, is also the first of a trilogy." Imagine the courage of a man who can sit down amidst all this Babel of political parties, and rebellions, and strikes, and the rest of it, and deliberately plan three volumes in blank verse. You must at any rate respect his courage.

Now I will show you how to write in blank verse, and don't blame me if you get into the habit of it and find that nothing less than a trilogy will do for you. Here is an extract from the poem entitled, "Sir John Herschell Remembers":

"For any soldier, this wound," the surgeon muttered, 'would have meant six weeks in hospital.' Not six days for her! 'I am glad these nights were cloudy, and we lost so little,' was all she said. Sir John pulled out another stop. A little ironical march of flutes began to goose-step through the gloom."

"But," you exclaim, "that isn't poetry!" Oh, isn't it? You wait. Much depends, you know, on how the goods are put in the window.

"For any soldier, This wound," the surgeon muttered, 'would have meant Six weeks in hospital.'

Not six days for her! 'I am glad these nights were cloudy, and we lost So little,' was all she said.

Sir John pulled out Another stop. A little ironical march Of flutes began to goose-step through the gloom.

Now run away and play at that for the rest of the lovely springtide.

"The Garden Party."

I note with interest that, in the opinion of the *Cambridge Review*, which ought to be omniscient if any publication ever was, Miss Katherine Mansfield is "the best of our contemporary writers of fiction." It behoves me, therefore, as a modest practitioner in the art, to approach Miss Mansfield's work on knee-points. And so, indeed, I did.

But I had not got very far with this volume called "The Garden Party" when I discovered, to my disappointment, that Miss Mansfield begins her stories very attractively, but refuses to finish them. And the finish of a short story is the trouble, just as the finish of the one-act play is the trouble.

Miss Mansfield sets her stage with delicate art, lights it, and peoples it. And what then? The people move about, they talk, they excite your sympathy and attention, and—down comes the curtain!

The authoress seems to have said to herself: "They say I can make a story out of nothing. I must live up to this." But she doesn't live up to it, because you get, as I say, a charming little sketch instead of a story.

One test of a short story is whether it can be told aloud, without art or embellishments, and still prove effective. It is all very well to declaim, "It is not the What but the How"—there must be a little What to carry the How.

Don't expect too much of this book and you will enjoy it. Look for the greatest masterpiece of the age and you will certainly be annoyed.

The Secret Glory. By Arthur Machen. (Secker; 7s. 6d.)
The Torch-Bearers. By Alfred Noyes. (Blackwood; 7s. 6d.)
The Garden Party; and Other Stories. By Katherine Mansfield. (Constable; 7s. 6d.)

The Clue of the Broken Creeper: "Loyalties."



THE THEFT DISCOVERED: DE LEVIS (MR. ERNEST MILTON); LADY ADELA WINSOR (MISS DOROTHY MASSINGHAM); AND CHARLES WINSOR (MR. EDMOND BREON).



THE BROKEN CREEPER FOUND ON THE BALCONY: DE LEVIS (MR. ERNEST MILTON); AND GENERAL CANYNGE (MR. DAWSON MILWARD).



THE THIEF LEARNS THAT HIS GUILT IS KNOWN: JACOB TWISDEN, THE LAWYER (MR. J. H. ROBERTS); AND CAPT. RONALD DANCY, D.S.O. (MR. ERIC MATURIN).

Mr. Galsworthy's latest drama, "Loyalties," at the St. Martin's, is the story of a theft in high Society. Captain Dancy and De Levis, the Jew, are fellow-guests in the Winsors' country house. The Jew has £1000 in notes in his pocket-book. These are stolen, and by means of the clue provided by the broken creeper on the balcony, suspicion is directed towards Dancy. The matter is hushed up; but when De Levis makes

a definite allegation against Dancy, he is compelled to bring a libel action to clear his character. Before the case is tried, proof of Dancy's guilt is brought to his lawyer, in the form of the notes which have been traced to him. Twisden, the lawyer, throws up the case. Dancy is a ruined man, and the piece ends with his suicide. The construction of the play and the acting lift it far above the melodrama which "the bare bones" suggest.

Plays — Without Prejudice.

CONCERNING CINEMAS.

Plays and Publicity.

If you read the papers—and one must do something after breakfast—one rises with an impression that the drama receives more, far more than its fair share of attention from our chroniclers. Because you will find, if you are a student of paragraphs, that you are in the long run far better informed about dramatic matters than about those less important questions which determine the rise (and fall) of empires. Not to mention Government securities. You know, I mean, much more about the Forthcoming Production at the St. Japhet's which is being Eagerly Awaited than you do about the policy of the Cham of Tartary and the Dey of Barbary. Which are the real things that are going to send up the price of bread.

The Great Unsung.

And yet in all this generous proliferation of news items about the author's views of life and (far more important) the leading lady's clothing there is one type of drama which seems to receive much less than its fair share of serious publicity. The sole type of play which two-thirds of our population see from one year's end to another is the picture-play. But if you scan your papers, you will see extraordinarily little information on the subject. There is a perfunctory catalogue of new productions, but you will never—or very rarely—find that the trained brains which lodge behind the high brows of the critics are stimulated to activity by the film drama.

Movie.

It seems a pity. There is no reason why the Movie should be the Cinderella of theatrical publicity; whilst her elder, uglier sisters the Legitimate and . . . dear me, how embarrassing this sentence is becoming—well, *you* know what we mean . . . parade the columns of the papers in all the splendour of their ball dresses. And it drives the little dear to such violent methods of advertisement. You see, she knows that, as she is not mentioned in the papers, she can only hope to catch our eye by depicting red and blue (not Monte) gentlemen shooting one another in earthquakes on the board outside the theatre. A pity. Because quite often a tolerable piece of drama lies concealed behind the contortions of its poster. So here is a

Humble Plea for serious attention to the film drama.

Sheba and Solemnity.

But not too serious. Because producers are sometimes a trifle solemn about their pleasing trivialities. The air of Biblical research, of Higher Criticism, of patient Egyptology which was generated round a most enjoyable chariot race called (for no very obvious reason) "The Queen of Sheba" was almost overwhelming. If they had told us it was a first-class chariot race we should have gone at once. But because they said it was True to the Facts of History (which it most enjoyably wasn't), we had to wait until someone had complained that it was improper before we decided to go. So they

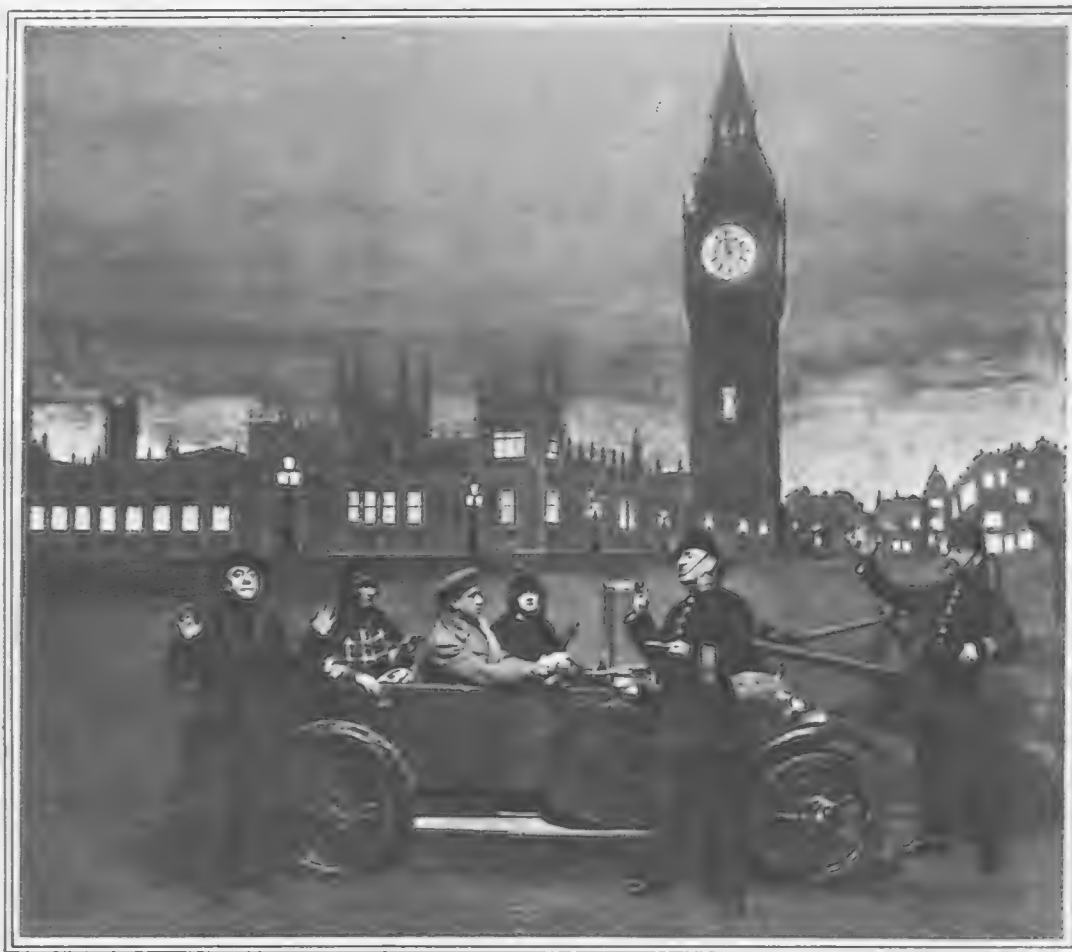
to dress up a scene for the film. Never mind about points of scholarship. Because you are never going to get them right. Not even Mr. Griffith, who seems to think that Old Paris is Old London with a few turrets inserted. That, you know, doesn't matter. But what does is the drama itself. And that should be given serious critical treatment.

Tariff Reform.

It might prevent a lot of the half-baked Los Angeles sentiment from ever being landed in a British port if it were known that it would receive due and summary treatment from those stern-faced critics who have incurred the royal displeasure of Charles B. And the acting of the cinemactors and cinemactresses deserves a lot more serious appreciation than it gets. One sometimes sees more careful work on the vertical stage of a movie than ever you will find in a long walk round the West End. They should be given the credit for it, and one would like to see the new films seriously dealt with for that generous reason. It would be good for the industry (the Movies, with admirable candour, make few pretences about being an art). And it would be good, so very good, for the critics. Because it would give them something to do with their afternoons when they sit at home and think out all the nasty things they are going to say about the new play which they are going to see that evening.

The Blessing of Criticism.

So let's have a real system of dramatic criticism applied to the films. With advance paragraphs. And first nights. And letters from indignant producers to the editor. And all the impressive apparatus of theatrical publicity. Mr. Walkley might even toy retrospectively with the subject in his later manner—that engaging air of being a *revenant* who knows so much, so very much more about it all than any critic who labours under the earthly disadvantage of being still alive. Then we shall see a real dawn of intelligence on the screen. And we may be able to prevent the woolly-headed subjects of President Harding from monopolising the imagination of half our people.



SAVED BY SUMMER-TIME: PHIL FOGG (MR. ALEC KELLAWAY) AND HAROLD (MR. GEORGE ROBEY) GET ROUND IN FIFTY.

"Round in Fifty," at the Hippodrome, is a gloriously funny revue founded on the famous Jules Verne romance of "Round the World in Eighty Days." Our photograph shows the scene on Westminster Bridge when Harold and Phil Fogg are held up by the Policeman, with only a precious minute or two to get to the Gridiron Club within the fifty days and so win Fogg's inheritance. They are saved by Summer-Time, for just as midnight is about to strike, the hands of Big Ben move back for one hour, and they have ample time to get round. Mr. George Robey is on the extreme left, and Mr. Alec Kellaway is driving the car.—[Photograph by Stage Photo Co.]

mustn't be too solemn about it. It is quite sufficient to be informed that the gifted Gish family has got involved in the French Revolution. One does not require solemn assurances that seven maids with seven mops have absorbed all that is to be known about Carlyle's work on the subject and wrung it all out into the scenario.

Griffith and Cheyne Walk.

So don't let's be too portentous about the movies. Historical accuracy is all very well in its way; but it is a dangerous thing to claim. Because there are very few periods indeed of which one knows enough

Galsworthy's Six Loyalties = One Enthralling Play.



"DAMNED JEW" AND "THIEF": DANCY (MR. ERIC MATURIN); COLFORD (MR. MALCOLM KEEN); DE LEVIS (MR. ERNEST MILTON); BORRING (MR. J. H. ROBERTS); LORD ST. ERTH (MR. BEN FIELD); WINSOR (MR. EDMOND BREON); AND GENERAL CANYNGE (MR. DAWSON MILWARD)—LEFT TO RIGHT.



DANCY CONFESSES TO HIS WIFE AND ASKS FOR FORGIVENESS: MR. ERIC MATURIN AND MISS MEGGIE ALBANESI.

Mr. Galsworthy has constructed a wonderful play by the exposition of six Loyalties. The "Times" critic divided them up as follows: Loyalty No. 1: *Esprit de corps*—the loyalty of his comrades to a soldier and a gentleman. When Captain Dancy is suspected of theft, his friends tell the Jew that, there being no evidence, he will be ostracised if he repeats the accusation. Loyalty No. 2 is the Jewish pride of race and contempt of Anti-Semitic Society. De Levis accuses

Dancy of theft when in the Club. Follows Loyalty No. 3, which obliges Dancy to bring an action for libel. Loyalty No. 4 comes into play when the solicitor finds that his client is guilty—he throws up the case; and Loyalty No. 5, the perfect confidence which should exist between counsel and solicitor, compels him to tell Counsel. Dancy's old school-fellow cannot understand this, for, in his opinion, the only necessity is Loyalty No. 6, to stick to your pal through everything.

Photographs by Stage Photo. Co.

The Lights of Paris.



City Fathers' Wrath.

After all, the procession of Mi-Carême was more interesting by what was left out than by what was put in. I had not thought that Frenchmen—Parisians *surtout*—could be so susceptible. But the fathers of the city—I mean literally the fathers, and not the Municipal Councillors—rose in their wrath. They declared that they would not be mocked. They asserted the dignity of paternity and the sanctity of the subject of Familles Nombreuses. They denied that even at Mi-Carême they should be the victims of *blague*. What is more, these exceedingly serious fathers gained the day, and the car which had been designed in their honour was suppressed!

No Laughing Matter.

It seemed innocent enough to me. The car represented an enormous hen with a number of babies breaking out of their egg-shells. There was a conspicuous inscription: "Honneur aux Familles Nombreuses!" Why this should have been found offensive I hardly know. It may not have been very witty, but it was certainly not malicious. It is an extraordinary thing that the French fathers should have become so touchy. But it is true, perhaps, that in France, where one laughs at almost everything, the problem of re-population is not to be laughed at.

Mi-Carême Merriment.

But even without this comic car, it was an interesting cavalcade that proceeded by the boulevards through merry throngs. Mlle. Boucher, our gracious one-day queen, smiled amiably from her flower-encircled throne upon her multitudinous subjects; and it was a charming collection of Parisian beauties that paraded, in treacherous March weather, from quarter to quarter. There was the Queen of the Fair Folk riding on a Venetian gondola. There were queens who came from Strasbourg and from Metz. There were delegations from Brussels. There were cavaliers and *figurants* in immense numbers. This was the most elaborate *cortège* we have seen since the war.

An English Artiste.

The arrangement—the *mise-en-scène*, so to speak—was worthy of Firmin Gémier himself, who has, in taking over the Odéon Theatre, produced his first play on the Left Bank. It was not particularly good—it was a series of scenes from the life of Molière, which reminded me in some way of the liberties which were recently taken on the stage in England with the life of Shakespeare. For in "Molière" there was an altogether unauthorised love episode. But I think the chief interest, for English readers at any rate, is in the appearance of an English girl, Miss Beryl Melvine, who performs some dainty dances. It is seldom that foreign artists are seen in the official theatres—though Yvonne Daunt is a fine *première danseuse* at the Opéra. Miss Melvine is regarded as a "discovery." She was dancing as an amateur in Switzerland—in the cause of charity, I believe—when her talent attracted attention.

Pearl White.

At the Casino de Paris, Pearl White, who has long been the idol of the French moving-picture public, is making a new departure. She confesses to nervousness in making this début; but she has decided to bid farewell to the cinema world. After her two months' appearance in the Paris revue, she will make one more serial picture in New York, and then will start in earnest on the legitimate stage. She is afraid of her American accent; but the French find a foreign accent rather delightful, and I think Pearl White will "make good."

A Menagerie.

I am reminded of the fuss which is being made at the discovery—or, rather, the re-discovery, for some of us have known of it for a long time—that Mme. Marthe Régnier, the admirable actress, keeps quite a little menagerie in her

from Oscar Wilde's "Portrait of Dorian Gray." It is curious that there should be no end to the litigation over Wilde's works. What has happened is that Miss Constant Lounsbery, a distinguished American writer, and M. Nozière, the famous French critic, claim that they alone have the right of producing the French version of the play which Lou Tellegen presented to a London audience just before the war. But there is a rival in the field, and if the matter gets into the Law Courts it will certainly provide a *cause célèbre*. Anyhow, the controversy is attracting considerable attention. Wilde's works need no such advertisement, but they continue to receive more advertisement of this kind than any other that have ever been written. It seems like a fatality.

Rock of Sex.

There is a good deal to be said for the critic who has just been visiting France to survey dramatic tendencies, and who asserts that the French theatre is running on the rocks. The particular rock which he observes, and upon which practically all French playwrights steer their ship, without being aware that it is a rock, is sex. This does not mean that sex should not have its place—and a large place at that—in the theatre. But it does mean that there is something one-sided and incomplete in the national drama which consists almost entirely of sexual tragedies and bed-room comedies. François de Curel once said that the dramatist had to find the common factor that would interest every member of the audience, and Maurice Donnay said that a play must be a love-story.

Cœur and Amour.

If you go down the list of successful plays—apart from those I have noticed in these letters—you will find in their very titles confirmation of this criticism. There is "My Love" ("Mon Amour"), by Tristan Bernard. There is "Le Bonheur de Ma Femme," "La Chance du Mari," "Le Baiser dans la Nuit," "A Tout Cœur," "Monsieur l'Amour," "La Montée vers l'Amour," "Le Droit à l'Amour," and I don't know how many more in which *amour* and *cœur* and similar words are to be found. 'Twas ever thus, and it will always be so, in spite of the critics who protest that all this gives an imperfect picture of life.

The Crisis.

Whether the political crisis will be over in England or whether it will have become more acute by the time this appears I dare not prophesy, but I observe that some politicians are still going down to the Riviera. The other day I met Sir Ian Malcolm (who is particularly popular in Paris society) just as he was leaving for Cannes, famous for its conferences and its golf, where, I understand, he is staying with Sir Arthur Balfour.—SISLEY HUDDLESTON.



ENJOYING A BIG SUCCESS IN PARIS: MR. AND MRS. LESLIE, THE BALL-ROOM DANCERS OF CLARIDGE'S.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie, the remarkable couple of ball-room dancers who made their début last year at the Paul Poiret garden theatre, L'Oasis, are now dancing at Claridge's Hotel, Paris, where they are having a big success. Their dancing is full of grace and originality, and it is the general opinion that the Leslies will soon be as famous as their predecessors in this "genre" of art—Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle. Mr. Leslie, who is the son of a former Governor of Nigeria, served in North Russia with the Highland Light Infantry.

flat near the Trocadéro. There is a baby elephant, but the *concierge* considers an elephant an unsuitable pet in a town apartment. So Jimmy will have to be sent to the country house. Still, there remain Mme. Régnier's monkey, her cats, her dog, her parrot, her canaries, and her cheetah. She says that there is more fun in collecting animals than in collecting china! And I can well believe that life in the Rue Boissière can never be really dull!

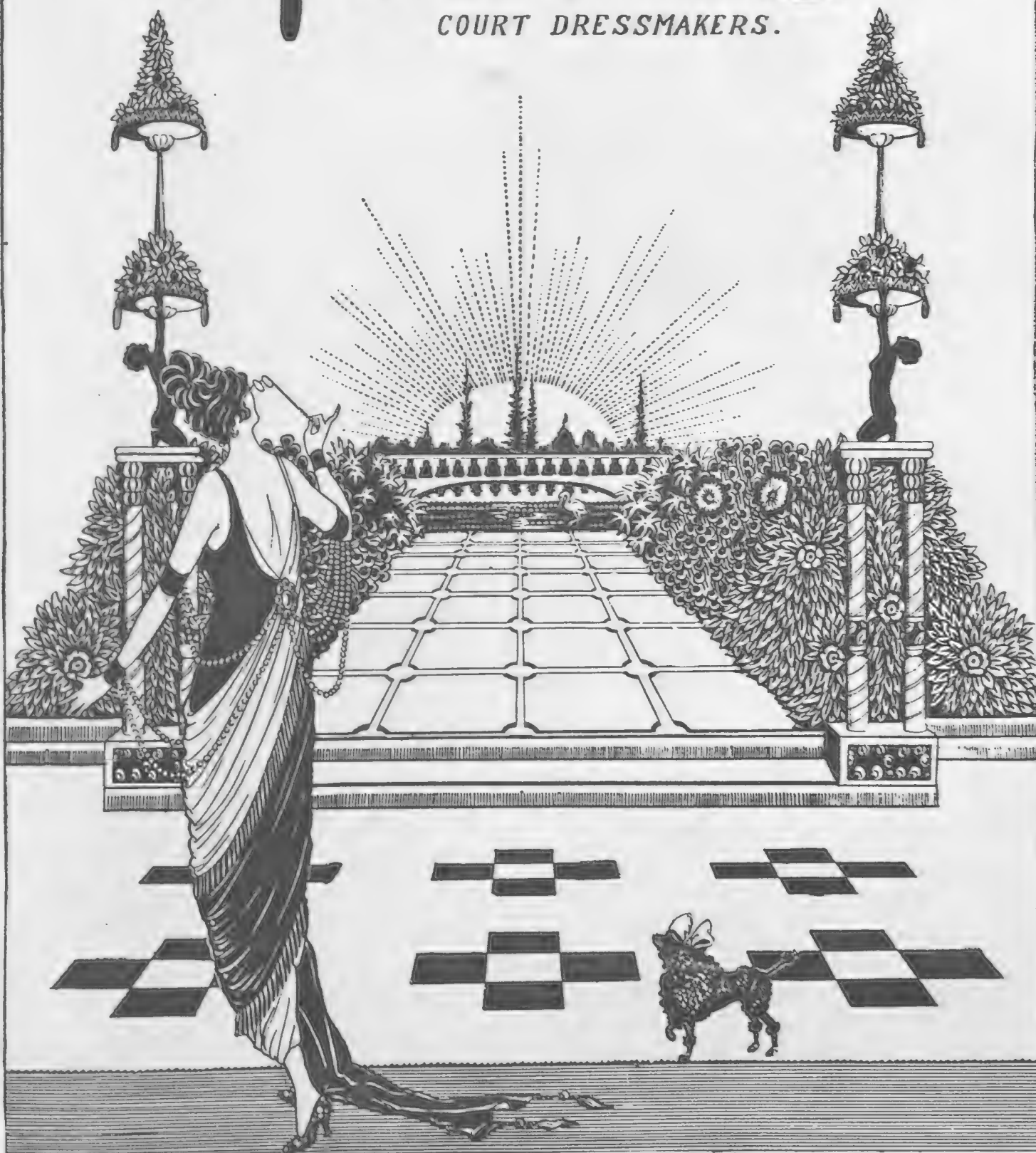
"Dorian Gray" Again.

While I am talking of the stage and of stage personalities, I must not omit some reference to the dispute that has arisen over the French version of the play adapted



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GOSSIP FROM THE HUNTING WORLD.



In "Beaufortshire." The "Blues" all congregated here last week for their regimental race, which took place at Hinton on the Wednesday (of course, our very own Lord Worcester is one of their leading lights—hence this thushness), and an impromptu small dance at Badminton overnight, to which a sprinkling of neighbours were bidden by the ducal telephone. This sudden summons to night revelry upset

Shaw were other competitors who joined the next fray after their point-to-point; and the home representatives were all on, including Lady St. Germans, who came from Westonbirt, the Menzies and Benson contingent, Colonel and Lady Helena Gibbs, Lady Mary Cambridge, Lady Di and Baron Frankie, Captain Shedden, Bill Miles and his sister, Mrs. Ward, Colonel Stanley, Colonel Hankey, and Highgrove's hero, of course; also Captain "Boysey" Codrington and his pretty bride, and "Dosey" Brinton and brother (what a likeness! A pocket edition, in fact, of our prize Beau-tee!). A lot of shoving and cramming over a bristly sort of country (not our best sample, mind, visitors) Pucklechurch way—then a great burst over the vale from Fat Jack. But the east wind rather blighted matters on the hill-top. Only a faithful remnant took on the last hunt from Bennett's Gorse.

Good Value. Monday was good value. Why was everyone in black? So funereal was the procession that defiled from Tytherton that the exception to the rule hid behind a haystack and sent out scouts to inquire who had left us; but on being reassured that the cause was only a threatening storm-cloud or a shortage of kid, ventured forth. Hounds ran at terrific pace in the morning hunt, all through the Avon Vale country; they are welcome to it, bless them, from most of the sample taken. Very few reaped the evening gallop, which involved the Bushton point-to-point course, and was rubbed in subsequently as something a bit extra; much gnashing of teeth in consequence. Who smashed that gate? Not Mr. Pritchard, who led over; not Badminton, or the Malmesbury Captain, or the gallant Colonel. But someone owes for it!

The padre didn't enjoy his borrowed horse much, and had to figure less prominently than usual. The worthy animal had four very fine large legs, but "tailed off" in the body part, and seemed in need of a few good meals, like the Russians in the famine-appeal placards. Well, well, it's nearly all over now, and there's the summer ahead to fatten in!



AIRMEN AS AMATEUR JOCKEYS: SQUADRON-LEADER H. W. H. JAMES, WINNER OF THE R.A.F. RACE, WITH HIS GREYLIGHT.

The Royal Air Force held their point-to-point races at Kimble, near Wendover, last week. Our photograph shows Squadron-Leader H. W. H. James, the winner of the Royal Air Force Race, with his Greylight.

Photograph by Photopress.

sundry little calculations, guests previously bidden to minor entertainments being hurriedly "washed out," with explanation and apology that fell on rather stony ground here and there.

Anyhow, the party was an enormous success. It is delightful to have rooms always ready for dancing, that only need filling (like-wise the guests!) to set the whole affair going gaily at once. Some of the Guardes were staying at "the House" (as the locals call it—not to be confused with the one Alma Mater owns!), others at Westonbirt or scattered around.

The "Blue Boys" Race. It was quite a sporting contest next morning, with quite an audience, in cars or mounted ready for the chase, massed by the winning post. The Duke and Duchess were present, and very nearly saw their heir steer his mount to victory. Never mind, Master, a miss is as good as a mile, and better luck next time! It was a thrilling finish, and everybody thought our home representative had it in his pocket; but Mr. Lancaster came up like a bat out of the nether regions and passed the post first. Mr. Abel Smith was third, and Mr. Broughton, whose chestnut looked a picture, fourth. The rest—oh, where were they? The ten starters soon mingled with the field assembled by the winning-post, where Lord Worcester took over the lady pack, that arrived in charge of Tom. Colonel Howard Vyse was out, and young Lord Waterford, who is, of course, a great-nephew of the Duke's. He already wants a weight-carrier. Young Captain Herbert, the Master of the Monmouthshire, has an eye for hounds and a country, and very much knows what he is doing and what they are about, which so few of these boys do, valiant thrusters as they are. Captain Evans, Captain Shennan, and Mr.

Alderton race-course, where they are at work on the fences ready for next month. Mr. Cox from Canada—the tenant of Estcourt—and known by the tawny-brown collar of his pink coat (more curious than beautiful, p'raps), had a nasty purler over a wall; his horse took a lot of catching and his master's breath a lot of restoring, but both were recovered in time. There was a good deal of minor grief.

Saturday was brilliant, with three fizzing gallops over the best of country, and the race-course in play again. The gallant sportsman who headed for the big bullfinch, with his horse going a good bit in front of his bridle, was precipitated like a missile from a catapult right out and over into the next field, when the ill-behaved animal stopped so abruptly! And someone played Humpty Dumpty on a wall, alighting in sitting posture on the top with singular grace and skill, whilst the quadruped jazzed round in circles. Well played, Colonel Algy, over the perfectly good post and rails by Allingrove! Quite Olympia style! Dolly Miles had a nasty fall on the tarmac near Luckington, and a considerable shaking, but carried on.

Fizzing Gallops and Some Grief.

Most of the "Blue Boys" stayed on for another day from Hullarington Thursday, with no end of fun and leaping in a series of excursions about Easton Grey, Sherston, and the

The Blankney.

Quite a large and distinguished field attended the Blankney meet at Brant Broughton on Saturday, and I think the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society (for which there was a "cap") did benefit well. There was a nice sprinkling of M.F.H.s—of course, our own was there, with his usual cheery smile and greeting for everyone; also Mr. Bennett, Master of the Rufford; Mr. Gordon Foster, who has been showing such wonderful sport with the Sinnington. Mrs. Foster was there, riding astride, Mrs. Crawford, from the Quorn, and Major



THE JUDGE'S STAND AT THE R.A.F. POINT-TO-POINT RACES: MR. ARTHUR DRAKE, THE EARL OF ORKNEY, MR. E. T. T. DRAKE, M.F.H., AND AIR-COMMODORE F. R. SCARLETT, C.B., D.S.O. (L. TO R.).

The Earl of Orkney acted as judge in the Royal Air Force Point-to-Point Races, held last week at Kimble, near Wendover. Our photograph shows the lorry used as a judge's stand.—[Photograph by Photopress.]

"Vivian" Lockett, of polo fame. We were all glad to see Mr. and Mrs. Bainton at a meet of the Blankney again; also Miss Reid, who has been salmon-fishing in Scotland—with some success, too. [Continued on page 523.]



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PHOTOGRAPH ELWIN NEAME.

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LE MEILLEUR CHOCOLAT DU MONDE.



Metal lace and iridescent blue and pink beads make this charming head-dress. Sketched at Marshall and Snelgrove's.

The Mode of the Moment.

There are no startling

changes in the silhouette: the long waist-line is pre-eminent, but the trouser effect produced by crossed panels between the feet is becoming very marked. Trains, and often very long ones, accompany the evening gowns. Some

of these trains are merely lengths of gorgeous material attached to one shoulder, but so flexible that they can easily be carried over

WOMAN'S WAYS

By MABEL HOWARD

glass bead tassels, while jewelled ear plaques are finished with sharp feather wings. Fantastic trimmings are the important features of all frocks.

Galalithe and Kid Ornaments.

That fascinating composition galalithe is much used on evening frocks and scarlet galalithe, like large *paillettes*, are sewn on fine black net, forming the wide sleeves of a black crêpe marocain gown; a belt of scarlet plaques threaded on silk cord marks the low waist-line.

Triangular pieces of yellow and white galalithe arranged in a symmetrical pattern on white lace make an original overdress; and conventional flowers held together by strands of silk form a beautiful embroidery suitable for trimming the new cape-cloaks. Vivid galalithe girdles are very fashionable; these are often finished with jet tassels. Bright-coloured kid ornaments are great favourites, too. A small branch of yellow-kid apples on a brown stalk, finished with green-kid leaves dusted with diamond dew-drops, makes a fascinating garniture for a tea-frock. Trails of mammoth flowers in softest kid mounted on silver tulle accompany the side-draperies of evening gowns, while multi-coloured country posies, in pastel shades of suède, produce a very pleasing effect round the waist of a snow-white dress.

The Return of the Ostrich Feather.

The ostrich feather has come into its own again, and no *grande toilette* is complete without a touch of these delicate fronds. A lovely evening wrap, worn like a Spanish shawl, is made of a large square of printed crêpe-de-Chine or chiffon brocade, edged with an ample *ruche* of uncured feathers. Strands of ribbon hanging from a loose sash are finished with round tufts of ostrich feathers dyed to match the ribbon, and this tablier is used as an overskirt for a young girl's dance frock. A *négligé* of coral-coloured georgette is edged with palest violet feathers, and some of the newest frocks from Paris are adorned with veritable girdles of plumes matching in colour the long feather tassel which is worn in the hair. Lamp-shades have not escaped this mode, and black velvet cushions are bordered with frills of dyed feathers.

A Word about Head-dresses.

Most evening gowns demand a head-dress—indeed, there is an unfinished appearance about the clinging gowns of to-day unless they are accompanied by a suitable coiffure. Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street and Vere Street, have a large collection of beautiful head-dresses—flower-decked circlets for the young girl, and stately coiffes for the older woman. The sketch to the left of the heading depicts a tiara of faintly coloured tinsel lace, with chains of iridescent blue and pink beads falling from either side and looped under the chin. On the right is pictured a swathe of green-blue velvet and silver tissue,

finished at the side with an ostrich feather and a bunch of soft blue grapes. A torsade of silver cord, with silver-lace butterfly wings placed low at the back of the head, is charming. Wreaths of leaves are always effective, especially when each leaf is edged with gold or lined with silver, in the style of Marshall and Snelgrove's delightful models.

A Note on Evening Frocks.

A black evening gown is never out of place, especially when composed of fine black lace like the one sketched on this page. It was seen at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street. The under-skirt is of flame-coloured georgette, likewise the wide jet-studded belt and the upper part of the flowing sleeves. Black crêpe marocain forms another evening dress. This is sleeveless; the plainly cut corsage falls away from the shoulders like the wings of a bat, and the uneven hem dips into points at the side. The front of this frock is heavily embroidered with jet and beads, while a girdle of jet and diamonds encircles the hips. Quite a new note is struck by a gown of cyclamen georgette embroidered with crystal beads. The bateau neck is cut high, but wide on the shoulders; the beaded sleeves hang almost to the ground, and are slit to allow the arm to pass at will; while the belt, a thick beaded *bourette*, vaguely recalls the Tudor period.

Continued overleaf.



This frock of fine black lace over flame-coloured *ninon* is trimmed with jet. Sketched at Debenham and Freebody's.

the arm. Others, of a totally different colour from the gown, are posed across the shoulders, resembling a *manteau de cour*, caught under a wide draped girdle, and left loose, finishing in *queue de poisson*. Some trains start from the drapery at the side of the frock; these are wide and flowing, like a prolonged cavalier cape, and are lined with a contrasting colour. Fans are very small or immense. Gilded eagles' feathers are often used, also ostrich feathers tipped with silver. Tiny fans are made of real lace mounted on jet handles set with jewels. Head-dresses are numerous, some more eccentric than becoming. Tight-fitting velvet caps are ornamented with strange-looking



Swaths of green-blue velvet finished with grapes and feathers are used for this coiffure. Sketched at Marshall and Snelgrove's.



Goringe's is responsible for this Spanish cloak of black crêpe marocain, ornamented with wool and silk embroidery. (See page 529.)

Olive Flowerdipe



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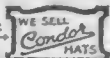
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WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.

A Word About Hats. We all know that a woman's crowning glory is her hair; but when she is in outdoor attire it most certainly is her hat. How many otherwise charming costumes are spoilt by an inappropriate *chapeau*! Now, the Glenster hat—which can be obtained at all the large shops—has been specially designed to accompany the *robe de ville*, the sporting suit, or the artistic *tailleur*, as the case may be. These delightful models are made in many different straws—pedal, Leghorn, crinoline—and a new mixture of soft, flexible straw called moufflon. A rather transparent hat ornamented with one great velvet rose and ribbon is equally suitable to wear with a light summer frock or the much-favoured cape-cloak of the moment. There are many flower-decked Glensters; others trimmed with ribbon; and all are carried out in classic or original shapes; while the range of colours is so varied that every fancy can be gratified.

The Spanish Cape. The cape-cloak, suitable for afternoon or evening wear, is a very necessary accessory to every woman's wardrobe. Gorrings's, Buckingham Palace Road, have many delightful examples besides the Spanish cape pictured

on page 527. This cloak, made of black crêpe marocain, is bordered with a wide band of fringed silk and wool embroidery; it is lined



This beautiful white-fox stole was sketched at the National Fur Company's salons.

with printed georgette, and finished with a bateau collar attached with cut jet buttons. A rose and grey moiré reversible cape, made in the old-fashioned *bonne femme* style, is charming. It has a large bourrelet collar in which both colours are visible, and the price is 8 guineas. Navy-blue face cloth, ornamented with rings of steel studs, is used for an ample cavalier cape which hangs in deep folds and can be thrown over the shoulder. This is made in several colours, and the price is a great feature, for it can be obtained for 4 guineas.

White Furs for the Spring.

The new spring suits are certainly delightful, but it is impossible to do without a fur wrap, for even on the warmest days the wind is treacherous. White fur is very fashionable, and the National Fur Company, 193, Brompton Road, is responsible for the beautiful white-fox animal stole sketched on this page. It is one whole skin, and the price is 12½ guineas. A soft wrap of white coney edged with black monkey fur is very attractive. This can be draped in many ways, and is suitable for the theatre or can be worn with a coat-frock; the cost is 9½ guineas. A white coney coatee, with fascinating sleeves and a hood attached, is beautifully warm, and can be obtained for 8½ guineas.

A Word of Warning.

Everyone is preparing for Easter, and, needless to say, everyone is devoutly hoping that the weather will be kind. All wise women will provide themselves with rain-coats, and Elvery's, 31, Conduit Street, have a large collection of suitable garments to choose from. Special notice must be taken of the coat sketched on this page. It is made of very light-weight, weather-proofed gabardine, lined throughout with rainproof silk. The collar buttons up closely to the neck if necessary, and the coat is so light that it can be carried on the arm without fatigue. It can be obtained in several colours, and the

price is four guineas—shoulder-lined only, 59s. 6d. The Elvery "A.I." storm-proof coat is another useful garment; this costs 2 guineas with belt, and 39s. 6d. without. There are little pull-on hats to match all coats, and note must be made of the fact that the famous silk featherweight macintosh, which folds up and slips into an envelope, is now reduced to 4 guineas. If women living out of town send their bust-measurement and length, Elvery will post them a perfectly fitting coat.

New Suits for Easter.

Tradition has it that one must wear something new at Easter, if the season is to bring luck, so all women will do well to visit the show-rooms of Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, for there is a large selection of new and inexpensive models to choose from. The one sketched on this page is of putty-coloured gabardine heavily braided with silk braid in a novel manner. The pouched back and sleeves are cut in one, producing a pleasing effect, for the front is straight although the back is belted. The collar, which can be worn



Note must be made of the new pouched back and silk braid on this putty-coloured suit. Sketched at Harvey Nichols.

closed or open, is braided on both sides, and the price is 8½ guineas. Sand-coloured gabardine, ornamented with a charming design in brown leather, forms another model. This is finished with a narrow belt and two horn buckles; the cost is 8½ guineas.

(Continued on page 532.)

Every wise woman will provide herself with this weather-proof gabardine coat for the holidays. Sketched at Elvery's.

A STAR AND WAVES.

Miss Zoe Palmer, whose engagement to Mr. Arthur Wilson was recently announced, is a film star with a large following. She possesses great dramatic ability, and is as well known on the Continent as in England.



MISS ZOE PALMER.

Although Miss Zoe Palmer has beautiful hair of her own—as will be seen by the picture above—her busy life makes her seek the help of M. Emile, 24, Conduit Street, the famous artist in hair, for she knows that his transformations stand for perfection, and can be adjusted in a fraction of a minute.



AN ARTISTIC TRANSFORMATION.



A DELIGHTFUL NÉGLIGÉ.



Get your Kodak to-day

Spring is here! It is just the time to start your collection of happy little Kodak snapshots—pictures that will be precious to you now but priceless in years to come. You can learn to use a Kodak in half-an-hour.

Now is the time to get your Kodak

There are Kodaks at prices to suit all pockets. Here are two of the latest models.

3a Autographic Kodak fitted with Kodak Anastigmat lens f7.7, takes pictures $5\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ —the popular postcard size. Price £7-7-0.

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Ask your nearest Kodak dealer to show you his stock of Kodaks.

Kodak Limited, Kingsway, London, W.C. 2.

WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.

Shetland Wool Lingerie. Charming little garments made in Shetland wool are quite the newest things where lingerie is concerned. Needless to say, they are beautifully warm, and, ornamented with ribbons, ruches and tiny flowers,

which, worn with a Milanese vest, does away with all other lingerie. This garment—in thick crêpe-de-Chine—is made with the opera top; and in spite of the fact that the legs are wide, it is completely closed, not merely tacked together. Beautifully embroidered, and finished with large, hand-worked scallops, the price is 49s. 6d. Milanese underwear is always necessary, and there is a large selection of embroidered and hem-stitched sets from—knickers, 27s. 6d.; chemise, 22s. 6d.; and combinations, 45s.

The Vogue of Plissé Fabrics. Never has plissé been so much the fashion as at the present moment. Not only

is it seen in frocks and tailor-made skirts, but all the newest lingerie is ornamented with these fascinating tiny pleats. The crêpe-de-Chine cami-knickers depicted here come from D. H. Evans, Oxford Street. They are finely pleated and ornamented with lace insertion. The price is 39s. 6d., and they can be obtained in several colours. A princess petticoat, in yellow plissé crêpe-de-Chine, is finished with lace panels, and lace round the little bodice; the cost is 56s. 9d. Drawn threadwork—done by hand, of course—is used to ornament a charming apricot-coloured crêpe-de-Chine set. The night-gown is made Empire fashion, with little handkerchief sleeves, and straps over the shoulders. The knickers are plissé, and all these garments, including chemise and cache-corset, are finished with a double row of hemstitching and squares of drawn threadwork, forming an exquisite design.

A Word About Corsets.

There is no reason why a generous, well-developed figure should not be beautiful; but, of course, it is necessary for the woman so endowed to wear a perfectly cut corset. The W. B. Reduso corsets, which



Shell-pink crêpe-de-Chine tucked and trimmed with lace is used for this delightful lingerie. Sketched at Gooch's.

they should find a place in every trousseau. Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, have designed the pyjamas sketched on this page. They are made in openwork Shetland, lined with pink ninon and trimmed with pink ribbon. The jumper part slips on over the head, and is finished with two useful little pockets; the price is 63s. Shetland cami-knickers, lined with pale-blue ninon, with double ribbon straps on the shoulders, cost 35s. 9d. Crêpe-de-Chine combinations, with a hand-embroidered edge of large scallops on the neck and legs, are really charming. These are trimmed with bands of lace insertion let into the material with embroidery bars, and hand-worked silk butterflies.

Crêpe-de-Chine "Sets."

Is it possible to find more attractive lingerie than the delightful set pictured on this page? It was sketched at Gooch's, Brompton Road, and deserves inspection. Heavy, shell-pink crêpe-de-Chine is the material used. Each garment is trimmed with tiny tucks and lace insertion, while all the hems are put on with embroidery bars. The Empire-shaped nightgown is 75s.; the knickers 57s. 6d.; and the chemise 55s. 6d. A delightful innovation is the step-in cami-knicker,



A pyjama suit of Shetland wool lined with pink ninon and finished with ribbon. Sketched at Dickins and Jones'.



Ribbon, roses, and lace form the boudoir cap. The cami-knickers are plissé, and ornamented with insertion. Sketched at D. H. Evans'.

are specially designed for stout figures, give the much-desired long lines without the aid of uncomfortable belts or similar attachments. They are moderately low—therefore suitable for wearing with a Reduso brassière—triple-boned, and finished with elastic gores and double suspenders. The price is 29s. 11d., in pink or white coutil. For the average woman, the W.B. Nuform corset is ideal. It is made in so many different shapes and sizes, with front or back lacing, that it is possible to fit every type of slender or well-developed figure. In pink or white coutil, these corsets can be obtained from 8s. 11d.

To Obtain a Smooth Skin.

A beautiful skin is envied by all women, and should be carefully tended or it will lose its perfection; but the roughest and most sallow complexion can be improved with care, and the Cyclax preparations are really wonderful. Cyclax special lotion, which cleanses the pores of the skin, makes the face beautifully smooth and removes redness and sunburn; the price is 6s. 6d. Cyclax skin food is another unique preparation which nourishes the tissues and builds up the flesh in such a way that lines and wrinkles cease to exist; it can be obtained for 4s. 6d. a pot. Most women have experienced the annoyance of a shiny nose caused by the greasy condition of the face, and Cyclax Nesudor will combat this disfigurement.

[Continued on page xviii.]

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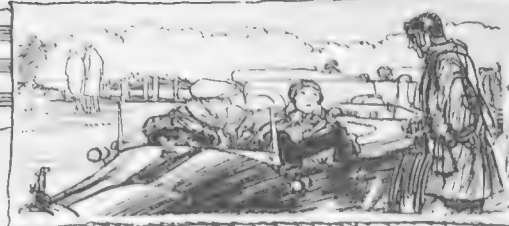
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Motor Dicta.

By Gerald Biss.



Easter Ahoy! Summer-time has now commenced—to the eternal credit of the late Mr. Willett—and “can Spring be far behind?” I have just had three days’ splendid motoring—brilliant sunshine, but with that ping in the wind which lets you know that niveous old Hiems has got a considerable kick left; and in this jolly old chameleon climate of ours who can say a week before publication whether we shall be playing at dog-stars or snowballs? Anyhow, it is now officially summer-time, and officially we have expelled the winter of our discontent; and, income tax or no income tax, we decline to be down-hearted. The only thing I grudge is that one lost, or, rather, post-dated, hour of sleep. There is ever an irresistible appeal about the approach of Easter, ringing down the Lenten curtain; and even in times of super-slump and financial dry-rot, there is an inevitable human response. Spring has a knack of getting into one’s veins, and one’s thoughts turn lightly to handicaps and love, the greatest of all handicaps with the poets thrown in at 5 st. 7 lb. Moreover, in these sorry times of tyrannical taxation, cars stored for economical purposes in winter quarters, like Julius Cæsar’s pampered Old Bills, can now be released with a quarter or more of their automatic burden written off against the cost of the owner’s shoe-leather—and side-slips; and it is extraordinary how many good automobiles and true have been laid up this winter in dry dock, eating their hearts out, if not eating their heads off, after the vulgar fashion of the greedy and unprincipled equine, who pays no tax.

Road Pups. The ever-optimistic auto-periodicals have burst into rapture, like the buds on the trees; and one says in a caption that on Sunday (week) there was a “record number of cars on the road.” I will not go so far as that myself; but I will say that we only missed three bad collisions by the good driving of the man at the wheel of our car. Had he been driving in the wild way of the others—especially one dear old equine dug-out with his first two-seater and a fierce white moustache—spring would never have come to us. It is to my mind appalling nowadays how badly the neo-automobilist “drives.” He does not drive in the true sense of the word. He hangs on to the wheel and steers, as any lunatic can do; but he seems to have no road-sense or knowledge of pace. The good driver instinctively allows 33 per cent., for his own sake, to counteract the bumble-puppy car—swinging of such neophytes from ninety downwards. Blind corners, with double danger-signals, I found this week apparently convey nothing to their alleged intelligence. But let such things be put on record and pass from me as far as possible. In these days I pour oblations and chant daily litanies to the God of All Automobiles that my own precious life be spared, though the

wife of my bosom (insured in the *Times*) be snatched from me by the unwieldy efforts, not of a real road hog, but an absolute road puppy.

Spring and Trade. Spring not only spells rapture in love, buds, and handicaps, but also in trade circles, despite lock-outs and knock-outs. Even in these deadly days business pulls up its socks



THE MAIN STREET OF CARCASSONNE AS A DRIVING TEST! A 40-50 H.P. SIX-CYLINDER NAPIER THREADING ITS WAY ALONG.

The narrow, winding way of Carcassonne are a good test for the steering lock of a car, and of a driver’s skill. The Napier, it will be seen, could only just thread its way between the kerbstones.

and briskens up when spring comes; and the head of one motor firm I wot of told me this

week that after close upon twenty years, fat, lean, and streaky, he beat all records for the day’s pay-in, which is by no means so dusty (as they say in automobilious circles in the dry weather) in these very dry times. Other firms report a stiff gradient upon the upward chart owing to the approach of Easter and the rise of the temperature of the blood, which encourages week-ending and stimulates the desire to get out of winter’s rut and surroundings too demn’d domesticated. The second-hand market, which for a long time has been terribly frost-bitten, is unchilling its chilblains and beginning to hobble again, though hamstrung even worse than the new-born autos by the present illogical and iniquitous system of taxation with its false incidence. The lock-out in the engineering world is in this case possibly a bull point. I trust that the former will not last, and I fear that the latter is only a flash in the pan. So, all ye who have second-hand autos for disposal, gather ye Bradbury-Fishers while ye may, cut your inevitable losses, and don’t be too haughty in prices. The new-car market is overstocked, money as tight as the proverbial fiddler’s female dog—and there you are, dontcher know.

Petrol Revelations.

Do you ever think of the difference between one brand of petrol or another, or do you buy just any old spirit which is fobbed off on you by the garage gent? Petrol, or “what they call petrol,” got itself a stinking bad name during the war—and it used to stink, too!—but it was not anybody’s real fault, though very annoying all round, as, naturally, our maternal Government and Auntie Dora had perforce to consider first the killing of the Hun, in which petrol played such a very big and essential part, and then how to prevent him from killing us. Therefore, they annexed all the best and left us only a dribble of the dregs; and when the war was over our troubles were not, as the Government had bought well ahead and had lots of dubious stuff to unload before releasing petrol and giving the suppliers a chance to do anything. So “petrol” became a *nom pour rire* with adjectival additions, as was frankly recognised by the Shell and other big people, and they felt that something must be done to restore their good name and the public confidence. So the Shell folk decided that samples of every drop of fuel they sold must be fully and properly tested. With this in view, they went to a testing laboratory with a world-famous name, nestling just under the Sussex Downs, and arranged for continuous and unbiassed tests upon a special variable compression engine, which tells the whole tale by gauges and indicators, (Continued overleaf.)



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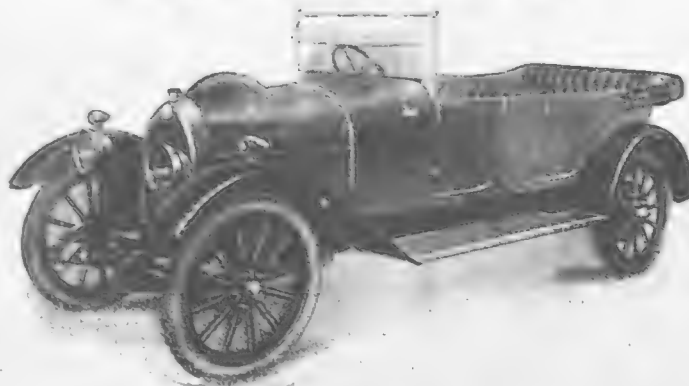
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(Continued.)

which by a simple process of calculation can be translated into plain figures. I am not an engineer or a chemist or an expert, but I was very interested to learn a lot about petrol I had never dreamt of—to say nothing of “pinking,” which in the days of my youth was always connected in my mind with duels and fencing. The processes are quite simple, and the test independent and above reproach; and Shell No. 1, which I was assured was a very

and, if well responded to, should provide invaluable ammunition.

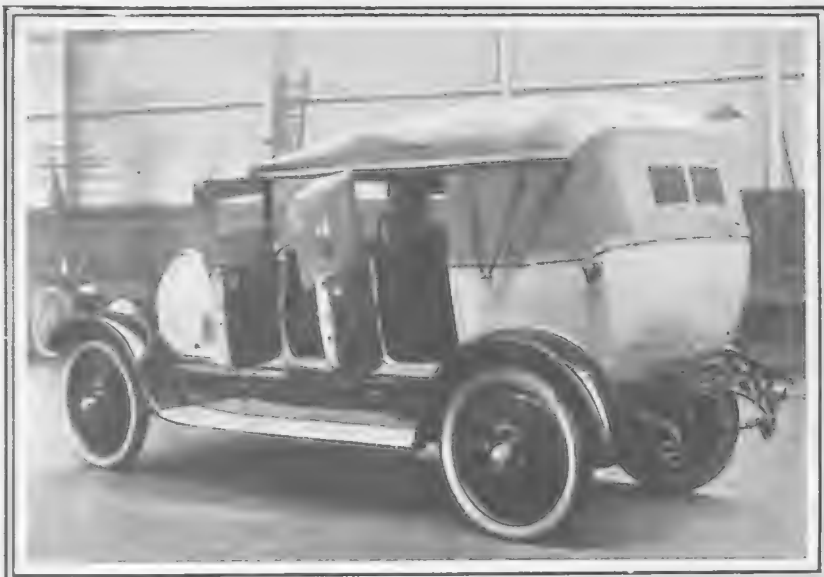
The President is Dined.

A few nights ago the automobile industry unloosed its tight-drawn belts and let itself go convivially at the Connaught Rooms, where it gathered in great strength to do honour to Sir Alfred Mays-Smith and to make him a presentation upon the occasion of his knighthood; and they acclaimed him with great gusto and more or less musical honours, which showed his great popularity. It is a case of honour where honour is due, as since Sir Alfred took up the reins of office, eighteen months ago, the super-slump, which had just begun, has steadily got worse and worse, and he has had a very difficult row to hoe. He has, however, worked without ceasing to keep things together, and to help the industry as a

during a very black patch. Who will succeed him? That's the next question

Coming of Age.

Another great and very interesting event in the motor world, although it has not been celebrated with song or dance or banquet, is the coming of age of the Wolseley Company, which shows you how really ancient the auto industry is becoming. I believe the first Wolseley is, or ought to be, as valuable as any original Chippendale chair, although by no means so graceful or so comfortable. This, incidentally, makes me wonder what has happened to our much-boasted “Motor Museum,” and where are the crocks of the old brigade? They were hidden somewhere during the war, and very probably sold at fancy prices during the 1919-20 boom as post-war models! But back to our Wolseley muttons. The Wolseley Company first started scratching the surface of things as far back as the outlaw days of 1895; but it was not till 1901 that the Vickers Company took them officially under its wing—tra-la—despite, to our modern ideas, its caricature of a car. In those days, I can assure you, we thought a lot of it, and it soon became quite a big pot, if a trifle weak on hills, in a land where one-eyed (and one-lunged) cars were kings. One thing about the company—it was one of the first to take up seriously the question of motor coachwork; and to-day we see the results. The original factory was under four acres—a huge space in those days. It now covers 110 acres, employs 5800 workmen, and produces a very wide range of cars bad to beat anywhere. There is no need to paint lilies or Wolseleys, except for business purposes; and to celebrate its coming-of-age it has given itself show-rooms of much marbleosity and fine lacquer in Piccadilly, hobnobbing with the Ritz—the finest position and the finest show-rooms in Europe, if not in the world. It is not a case, however, of *finis coronat opus*, as to my mind the Wolseley has only just really begun, and with time will possibly grow into the biggest asset of all the vast Vickers holdings. Many happy



SHOWING THE NEW SIDE-CURTAINS, WHICH OPEN WITH THE DOORS: THE LATEST 16-20-H.P. RUSTON-HORNSBY.

constant spirit (like some of Conan Doyle's ektoplastic friends), at my private seance in comparison with other spirits showed an increase of 4.6 per cent. in power and 12.3 per cent. in economy. Truth is that this company have some extra special Borneo '65 with a very high natural percentage of benzol, which is regularly blended with the spirit from their other wells in order to bring all Shell spirit up to one standard of increased efficiency. I shall keep the figures of my private test—at which no Shell representative was present—for my future edification, and for such times as I want to feel a truly technical scientific knut. By the way, where does British benzol fly to in the summer time?

whole to weather the great commercial gale; and it was obvious from his speech, with its deep note of sincerity, how near the industry, leaving out all purely personal interests, is to his heart. Taken all round, the motor industry has been wonderfully lucky in its presidents, who have most of them had a very difficult time and few precedents to guide them; and enthusiasm has put in a lot of very unselfish work in the

“A.A.” on the War Path.

In view of the “c-r-rum-bling Coalition,” of which we read so much in certain

organs of the Press, the “A.A.” is sharpening its battle-axe, and Stenson Cooke is taking the button off his foil; and I hear, further, that Colonel Hacking, Secretary to the Motor Legislation Committee, is going to stand for the Newark Division of Nottingham. Meanwhile, the “A.A.” has sent out a “questionnaire” to all private owners of cars and motor-cycles in the country, which is a sort of motor-tax referendum, asking each one his total annual mileage, average fuel-consumption, amount of tax paid, extent to which car or motor-cycle was laid up, any difficulties in obtaining registration-book or license, whether or not in his opinion the present system should be superseded by a petrol tax, etc. The object is to get out a complete sense of automobile opinion and full statistics as early as possible for use in Parliament in laying the case for the auto fairly before the House. This questionnaire has been sent to every member of the “A.A.” by post; and all other motorists are requested to apply by postcard to H.Q. “A.A.” at Fanum House, Whitcomb Street, W.C.2, as the “A.A.” naturally has not got their addresses. It is a matter in which I think all motorists should make a point of co-operating, as it is highly important in the interests of all,



PASSING WHIPPINGHAM CHURCH: A 196-H.P. CROSSLEY TOURING CAR IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

great cause. It is a post very hard to fill, with its international work, conflicting interests, and many other side-issues, of which the public know nothing; but, taken all round, it has been wonderfully well filled, and never better than by the present president

returns of the day, M'Lud Wolseley, and respectful congratulations upon such a fine record. You have indeed kept the old flag flying after helping to tear down the red one. I shall look forward to seeing more than ever of you in the future.



Spring

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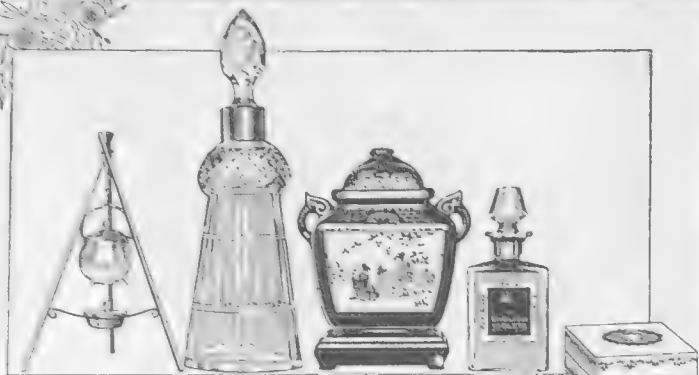
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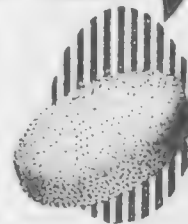
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BLOUSE COATEE (as sketch) in rich quality Crêpe-de-Chine, full fronts with long roll collar finished at waist with wide band of silk crocheted, three-quarter length Raglan sleeves. In ivory, black and a variety of new Spring colourings. In sizes 42, 44 and 46.

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A Sports Corset, with silk elastic at top, specially bound to prevent tearing. Lightly boned. Short-cut model in front, hips, and back, and low bust. Fitted with four suspenders. Sizes 19 to 28 in.

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May we send you all particulars of these famous machines post free.

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Light 2 & 4-Seaters. 8 & 11 h.p.



ABSOLUTE protection in every kind of weather is afforded by the "Standard" patent Hood and Side Curtains. There are two 11 h.p. "Standard" Models: prices—2-Seater, £515, 4-Seater, £525

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GUARANTEED NOT TO RUST BREAK OR TEAR

Every WARNER Model expresses a new perception of beauty, visioned by the finest corset designers in the world. It is their best interpretation of those dreams of the divine that are the inspiration of the artist—an interpretation designed to benefit the many, not, as Nature does, the few.

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For average figures. Patent double Skirt. Double boning, double interlining, medium bust, slightly raised back. Four hose supporters. In White and Pink Coutil. Sizes 20-30.

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THIS smart Cami-Knicker has been specially designed by our own artist and made in our own workrooms from really high-grade materials.

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Practical step-in shape CAMI-KNICKER, made in linen and entirely hand-made, cut on straight lines to suit all figures. Trimmed real filet lace and embroidery

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with transparent fruit design in natural colours. Ground-work in following shades.—Yellow, flame, brown, blue, rose and black.

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KNITTED WOOLLEN DRESS (as sketch), made from softest quality yarn in a new raised check design in white, black, navy, sage, grey, brown, mauve and cerise, bordered at neck, sleeves and pockets with bright artificial silk to match, sash of soft wool finished with silk bobble.

PRICE

94/6

Catalogue post free.

MERCERISED
LISLE THREAD
HOSE (as sketch),
double soles & garter
tops, in good wearing
quality. In black,
white and a variety
of colours.

Price **7/6** per pair.

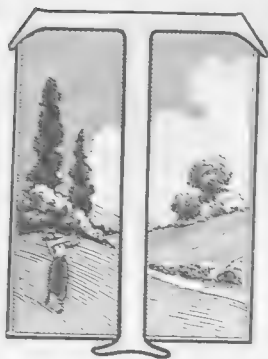


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HIS becoming
Hat with turned-
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Straw is simply
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The 'Glenster'

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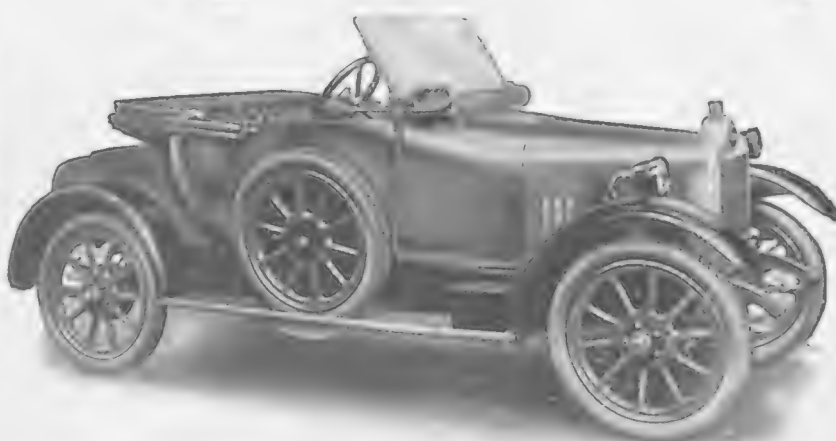
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Very effective Curtain of heavy Bolton Sheeting, with applique in choice colourings, finished with turnover valance, trimmed Fringe. 2 1/2 yds. long, 3 Guineas per pair.

WONDERFUL EFFECTS IN CRETONNES, SHADOW TISSUES, PRINTED LINENS AND TAFFETAS.
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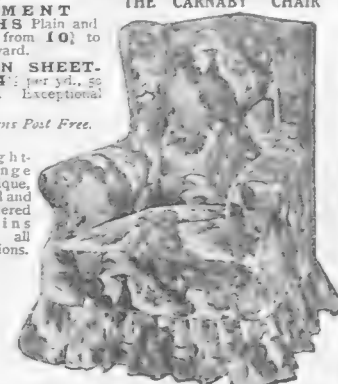
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PARIS (Via Calais or Boulogne)	- -	49/9
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Between any two Stations on the Company's System (Minimum Fares)

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On Thursday, April 13th, from London and certain Suburban Stations by specified Trains to the principal Inland and Sea-side Towns, and also from these Towns to London. Available for return on Easter Monday by certain Trains.

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FOR Spring with its rapid changes of weather and temperature—summer sunshine alternating with downpours of rain and wintry winds—few Overcoats can compare with THE RACE WEATHERALL for distinction, weather-resistance, ease and comfort.

Its design is smart and combines a touch of raciness in its free-fitting, sporting lines, that makes an instant appeal to the man who seeks his pleasures out-o'-doors.

The materials, which are especially chosen to preserve the suggestion of sport, include extensive ranges of fine quality All-Wool

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New Colours—New Patterns

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PREVENT PENETRATION
BY WET, WIND OR COLD.

THE RACE WEATHERALL like all coats that bear the Burberry Trade Mark, is an "All Weathers Coat." It keeps its wearer healthfully dry in storms of rain. Ensures comforting warmth when winds blow cold, yet, owing to its perfect textural ventilation and lightweight, can be worn on mild, uncertain days without overheating or fatigue.

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High-Grade Exclusive and FASHIONABLE SHOES

at Special Prices.



One-bar Brogue Golf Shoe (as sketch). White, grey and nigger suede, Brown Willow Calf & Black Box Calf.

59/6



Smart Patent Lace Shoe, L.XV. heel, pointed toe (as sketch), also in nigger, grey and white suede.

49/6



Smart 4-bar Shoe, L.XV. heel, in grey, white, mole, and nigger suede.

59/6



Smart Brogue 2-bar Walking Shoe, military leather heel, in grey, nigger, fawn and white suede.

39/6



Ladies' white, grey, brown or black suede Cromwell Shoe (as sketch) smart long front trimmed fancy slide.

29/6

Also in Patent or Glace Kid.



Ladies' brown, black, white and grey Suede Lace Shoes, Cuban leather heel (hand sewn principle); every pair guaranteed.

29/6

Sizes and half-sizes.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

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THE VANDYKE SET GREAT BARGAIN

DAINTY SET (CHEMISE
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LAWN, FULL FRENCH
CUT, KNICKERS HAVE
ELASTIC WAIST.

PINK, WHITE, SKY, MAUVE

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THE SET
(Two garments)

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THE finest flower essences in the world are blended into Héra Perfumes. They are exquisite—their influence delights and fascinates. Héra Perfumes are used by women of taste who realise the lovely charm of perfect Perfumery.

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Applications for Agencies are invited.

Commercial Publicity.

TO PERMANENTLY KILL SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Reader explains how to prepare and use at home the simple new absorption process by which she avoided danger and pain of the cruel electric needle. Why prescriptions, appliances, acids, lotions and similar remedies should be avoided.

To readers of the "Sketch"

At a medical conference held in Paris just prior to the war, numerous eminent physicians cited cases which prove beyond doubt that, since the discovery of a new and simple absorption process, superfluous hair has become as unnecessary as it is repulsive. It was also explained how electrical processes always stimulate hair growth, how pulling with tweezers, and how acids, caustic



A reader kindly tells in this article how she killed the roots of her superfluous hair by a simple home absorption process, after the electric needle, acids, pastes, etc., had failed.

pastures, and other worthless remedies only affect surface hair, which soon grows again. Then the distinguished physicians told how anyone can now prepare and use at home a simple liquid which immediately creeps down through the hair shaft just as oil creeps up a lamp wick) dissolving hairs as the liquid is absorbed. Thus the entire hair structure, from socket to root and papillae, may be dissolved out of existence, so there is nothing to grow again. The liquid acts only upon the hair, and is harmless to the most delicate skin and tissues, as a test will quickly prove; but the liquid must not be allowed to touch desirable hair, as I know of no way to restore life to roots thus destroyed.

When I see daily so many women with perfect features who would be radiantly beautiful were it not for hideous growths of ugly hair upon lips and chin I always wish I could tell them how easily they could recover their natural heritage of delicate feminine charm and attractiveness.

I shall therefore be only too happy to send literature in regard to the preparation and use of the marvellous liquid explained at the conference, which it was my privilege to attend. If any woman reader of the "Sketch" cares to send me her name and address, plainly written, together with two penny stamps for return postage, I shall be pleased to send, in plain sealed envelope, full particulars without charge of any kind, so women readers can use the new process in the strict privacy of their own boudoirs. Have correspondence brief as possible, and do not write to thank me after hair is destroyed, as my time is greatly limited. I can agree to answer but one person in each family, and correspondence will be considered strictly confidential.

K. B. FIRMIN.

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BEAUTY and Purity

Is your complexion cream free from poisonous mineral ingredients? How pitiful if your skin in a few years became yellow, shrunk, and wrinkled!

Rowland's Kalydor

is extracted from only the mildest and most balsamic exotics. It is guaranteed pure and harmless, so that those using it are ensuring perfect complexions not only for to-day but for years. Try a bottle from your chemist or store, 2/6, 5/-.



ROWLAND'S,
112 Guildford St.,
London, W. C. 1



White Furs

Though any time is Fur time in Fashion's calendar, early Spring is set aside for White Fur wear. The National Fur Company have designed a delightful selection of new and distinctive models for Spring, of which beautiful Russian Ermine Stoles, lovely Siberian White Fox Necklets, graceful Evening Wraps of fine White Coney adorned with fascinating fringes of Dark Monkey, are only a few examples.

Ladies are cordially invited to view our present showing of models without in any way being pressed to purchase.

A very smart and becoming model for Spring, beautifully worked in the finest White Coney.

Price 8½ Gns.

THE NATIONAL FUR COMPANY

193 BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.
20 HIGH STREET, CARDIFF.
15 MARKET STREET, LEICESTER.



Harrods Modish Jumpers

Small wonder that the 'Jumper vogue' is far from waning, when one sees how deftly Harrods experts have adapted these delightful Garments to prevailing styles!

There are Jumpers at Harrods to suit every kind of taste. Here is one in Stockinette, trimmed with contrasting band.

'DULCIE'

A smart Jumper, suitable for matronly figures. In heavy quality Stockinette trimmed with contrasting band. Hand-embroidered with steel beads. In black and grey, navy and mastic, nigger and mastic, copper and mastic, mastic and copper, ivory and black, or jade and grey

39/6

Blouse
and
Jumper
Salon
is on
Harrods
First
Floor

HARRODS LTD

LONDON SW 1

EASTER GIFTS: A Wonderful Collection of Dainty Gifts

Now Ready



No. 1



No. 2



No. 3

Easter
Chick
Jewellery

Easter
Chick
Jewellery



No. 4

15 ct. GOLD & WHITE ENAMELLED EGGS.

No. 1. Circle Brooch, 65/- No. 2. Necklet and Pendant, set Aquamarine, £5 5 0 No. 3. Pendant, 63/- No. 4. Bar Brooch, 67/6

Inspection most cordially invited. Catalogue post free.

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177 to 183
REGENT ST.
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By Appointment
Silversmiths etc. to H.M. the King
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CHILDREN'S CLOTHES

Many ladies experience the greatest difficulty in finding really attractive and well-cut clothes for their children. If, in despair, they decide to have them made specially to order, they find that their children's clothes are just as expensive as their own, and, moreover, in adapting a grown-up model, the effect is often absolutely spoilt. The Manageress of our Juvenile Department has made a lifelong study of this difficult problem, and has produced an infinite variety of clothes for children and young ladies in perfect taste, excellently cut from high-grade materials on practical lines, at moderate prices.

CHILD'S FROCK (as sketch) in good quality zephyr in plaid and check designs of sage and rose, with cross-way bands on skirt and collar of organdi, finished small bow of ribbon: complete with knickers. In sizes 6 to 9 years.

In size for 6 years.	Price	23/9
" " " 7 "	"	25/9
" " " 8 "	"	27/9
" " " 9 "	"	29/9

Rising 2/- each size.

Debenham & Freebody
Wigmore Street.
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Lotus & Desta

LOTUS
Women's Style
No. 277
Patent Jester Court
Shoe, with pointed
toe and pump sole.
Louis heels
25/-



The New Jester

Supple, dainty and of a most alluring shapeliness, the New Court Jester Shoe, Lotus 277, gains adherents daily. It is made on a last which has become a great favourite with ladies, owing to its combination—a rare one—of grace with comfort. It suits the refined foot forms of the modern woman admirably, and is made in a sufficiency of sizes, half-sizes and widths to suit all requirements

LOTUS LTD
Stafford

"Cotella-Rep" SHIRTS

look well—wear
well—wash well
woven colours—fast
to sun and wash



When a man goes shopping

he accepts known values—the quality of cut and finish associated with the name "Cotella";— fabric merits inseparably linked with the name Horrockses' for over a century.

In "Cotella-Rep" these known qualities are combined. They represent the utmost value that can be offered in shirts and pyjamas of honest manufacture from wear-enduring fabrics with guaranteed fast colours.

Full range of designs—colours and stripes, thin and broad, to suit your taste. Every shirt is sold with this guarantee—replaced if colour fades. Your dealer stocks—ask him to show you "Cotella-Rep" to-day.

In case of difficulty in obtaining write for Pattern card and address of nearest retailer to the wholesale makers.

COTELLA LTD., 72-73, FORE STREET, LONDON, E.C.2

From all leading
men's wear stores

8/6

Collars to match 1/10
Pyjamas 15/-

"Cotella Rep"
Made from
HORROCKSES
FAST COLORS

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Just as a Face Cream, etc., gives you a soft, alluring Complexion, Kraska Preparations give to your hands the same delightful suppleness—and to your nails a fascinating coral-like brightness.

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A Medium Tawny Wine of
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A becoming coat and skirt in good quality brown Gabardine; coat cut on newest lines with girdle to give long waisted effect. Attractively trimmed with self-coloured braid; lined throughout floral silk.

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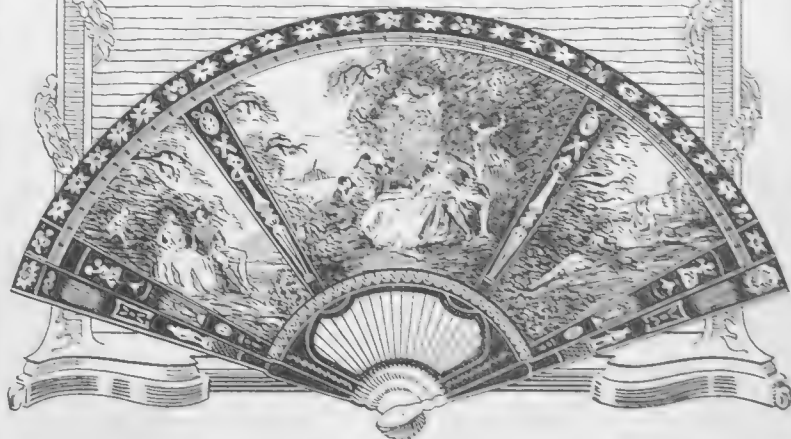
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Alterations must be done at Customer's risk.

982 S. The "DECIMA," in very fine lightweight natural
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This Hat is very light in weight.

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Dainty & Exclusive SILK LINGERIE

Useful Princess Petticoat in
a rich heavy quality of Jap
Silk. Well cut, with a little
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top of bodice and hem finished
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In Ivory only.

35/9

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Special Offer of 20 pieces
of Botany Wool Stockin-
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they follow the latest trend
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"GRACE."
Charming Old-World TEA-
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bodice is lined silk and has
inset short sleeves and a
full scalloped skirt which
is daintily trimmed picot
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large range of colours and
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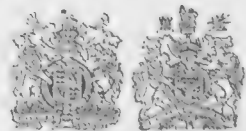


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Other Models from 6 Gns.

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New Gabardine Frocks Braid-Trimmed

Gabardine of a most excellent quality is the material chosen for the carrying - out of these New Spring Frock Styles, which, copied from Paris Models, are typical of the wonderful New Collection now on view in Harrods Inexpensive Frock Department.



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your name
for a
copy of
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Book of
Spring
Fashions
now at
press

'Harvard'

A New Model in Gabardine, panel back and front of rows of military braid, fastened with steel studs forming a fringe. Collar is faced with coloured cloth. In black, navy, nigger, mole, or beaver

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Dainty House Frock (on right) in fine quality Gabardine, smartly embroidered dull gold thread and silk of contrasting shade. This delightful Model is available in black, navy or nigger

59'6

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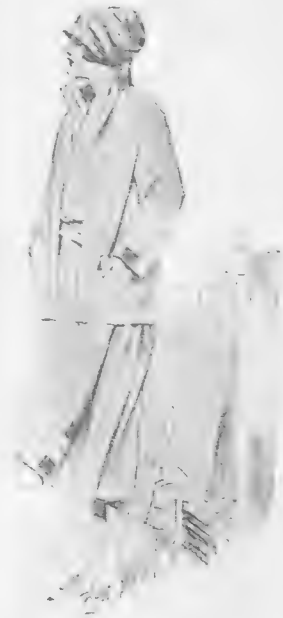
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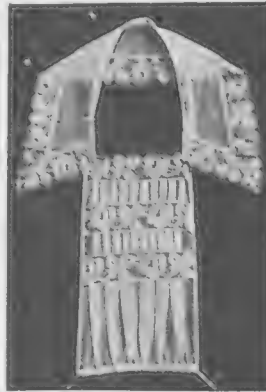
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A charming variety of everything needful for Baby. Robes, Gowns, Cloaks, Pelisses, Children's Frocks, Smocks, Tunics, Coats, etc. Price List sent.



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ELVERY'S (Estd. 1850) hold the finest selection of *guaranteed* water-proofs at fixed moderate prices.

LIGHT-WEIGHT "SLIP-ONS" Guaranteed waterproof. Light in weight. Easy to carry. **"Just the very Thing"** for ladies and gentlemen. Colours; Fawn, Mole, Navy and Black. Only **42/-**

Both Loose and Belted designs.

SILK WATERPROOFS (Feather-weight). Elvery's World-renowned Envelope Waterproof. The most delightful Rainproof Wrap ever produced. A beautiful range of colours and smart designs in Coats and Cloaks for Ladies **4 gns.**

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A similar design made for Ladies.

TAILOR-MADE RAIN-WRAPs, in light-weight Coverts and Wool Gabs for ladies. **SPECIAL VALUE 59/6**

Lined Rainproof Silk throughout **4 Gns.**

ON APPROVAL—Send height and bust measurement, together with remittance or London business reference. All monies refunded in full immediately on receipt of any parcel returned. **PATTERNS BY RETURN.**

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(One door from New Bond Street.)
And at Elephant House, Dublin and Cork.

ELVERY'S WATERPROOFS HAVE STOOD THE TEST OF YEARS.

Look in the mirror : you may see a beautiful face. You wish to cherish, preserve, develop this beauty. Then think of the name that is inseparable from the beauty of women all over the world, the name of the internationally renowned Beauty Specialist—

Helena Rubinstein

Look in the mirror : you may see a complexion growing old, its beauty dimmed by faded colouring, wrinkles, lines ; a contour ageing, losing its firm shapeliness. To bring back beauty, think of the woman who guards the looks of society's loveliest and most famous women ; the one woman who has made recognised the science of Beauty Culture—

Helena Rubinstein

Look in the mirror : you may see a skin that, to become beautiful, should be corrected of some fault, some blemish, some definite ill. Think then of the one woman who can and will devote her trained judgment, her profound scientific knowledge to your beauty problems—

Helena Rubinstein

Look in your mirror again and again : realise all that can be done to make you beautiful, to keep you beautiful, and let you enjoy the happiness of being beautiful ! And remember that, to care intelligently for your complexion and contour, you want a specialist of comprehensive learning, of progressive, large-minded ideas—a real Beauty Specialist—described in two significant words,

Helena Rubinstein

"LOVELINESS THROUGH THE LETTER BOX," a new monthly magazine (for which no payment is accepted), is published by Mme. Rubinstein to act as a real help to those women who wish to take intelligent scientific care of their looks. It deals with problems that meet women of all ages, keeps one in touch with the latest beauty discoveries, and, in short, discusses all the things that count as regards a woman's appearance. Mme. Rubinstein is happy to forward the magazine to those who telephone or send their name and address.

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NEW SLEEVELESS SILK GEORGETTE TEAFROCKS

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TEAFROCK (as sketch) in pure silk georgette, skirt cut with full petals, picot edged, straight underslip, corsage finished with deep band of silver or écu lace insertion, and ribbon belt and flowers in contrasting shades. In black, white, jade, grey, mauve, coral-pink, saxe, sky, and a variety of colours.

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of Knightsbridge

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Silk
Underwear



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Striking in design is the Cami-knicker here illustrated of lustrous Milanese silk and real filet insertion of very handsome design. In White, Pink, Lemon, Mauve and Sky. 43/6

Also in same design,
Vest, 21/6 Knickers, 26/6

Illustrated Booklet of Milanese
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HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., Knightsbridge, London, S.W. 1.



"The LILFORD."

ROBERT HEATH'S, Ltd., of Knightsbridge, newest flexible Straw Hat for all Sporting Wear. Of negligible weight and absolutely Waterproof, the crown and brim can be adjusted to suit the wearer, and so pliable that it can be rolled up for the pocket. In natural, oyster, copper, navy, sevrès, rose, beige, black and amethyst. Trimmed silk ribbon band and bow to match. Brim 3 ins. wide. Crown 4 ins. deep. Price 42/-

An exclusive speciality, unobtainable elsewhere.

The largest stock of exclusive designs in Helmets, Solar Topes, and Double Terais in the World. Models particularly suitable for India, Nig-ria, Egypt, South Africa, etc.

CATALOGUES POST FREE ON APPLICATION.

A selection of any Hats sent with pleasure on approval, on receipt of reference or cheque will be returned if not approved.

N.B.—Robert Heath Ltd. have no agents or branches, therefore their well-known hats can only be obtained from the address given below.

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**VERY HEAVY
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FULL SIZE
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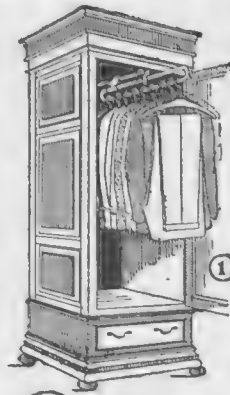
Finest Workmanship of the

£5-17-6

Capacity 14 Pints

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You not only treble the capacity of your wardrobe with a Watts's Fitting, but can be certain that your clothes are kept smart and shapely. For ladies' or gentlemen's clothing. Made throughout of heavily nickel-plated steel with sliding parts on roller bearings. Clothing is drawn right OUT of wardrobe for selection. Two or more Watts's Fittings can be fixed side by side in large wardrobes. A Watts's Fitting under a shelf converts a corner or alcove into an up-to-date and inexpensive wardrobe. Sizes from 10 to 20 inches (when closed). When ordering, state INSIDE back to front wardrobe measurement.

Send for Descriptive List,

All sizes, price **12/6** each

Carriage paid in United Kingdom.

Hangers from 1/6 each.

From your Dealer or direct from the Sole Manufacturer:

JOHN WATTS,

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Established over 150 years.

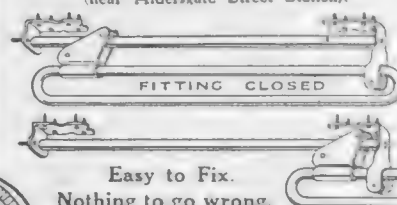
Permanent exhibition of Trousers Presses,

Wardrobes, Wardrobe Fittings and other

Specialities at London Showroom

24, Redcross Street, E.C.1

(near Aldersgate Street Station).



Easy to Fix.
Nothing to go wrong.



SESSEL PEARLS

Sessel Pearls are the finest reproductions existing. They are made by a secret and scientific process, which imparts to them the same sheen, delicacy of tone, texture, and durability of genuine Oriental Pearls.

The "Sphere" says:—
"A row of wonderful Sessel reproduction Pearls will amply satisfy even the most fastidious taste."



Sessel Pearls are positively superior to any others existing. Every Necklet, in fact every pearl made in our laboratories is an exact and faithful reproduction of a real pearl, the minutest details being studied in their manufacture.

The "Bystander" says:—
"In colour, weight, and general appearance there is absolutely nothing to choose between the two pieces."

Sessel Pearl Earrings, Pins, Studs, Rings, in Solid Gold Mountings.

Sessel Clasp with Sessel Emerald—Sapphire or Ruby centre.

From £2 : 2 : 0 Beautiful Collar of Sessel Pearls with 18-ct. Gold Clasp, in case, £4 : 4 : 0 From £2 : 2 : 0

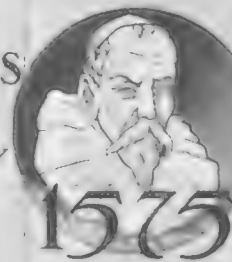
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BOLS
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✧ *Town Topics* (New York), 28/12/21: “Douglas Stuart—the most popular man in the world.”

✧ *New York Evening Mail*, 13/1/22: “Duggie Stuart—England’s premier Bookmaker.”

✧ *New York Herald*, 18/12/21: “Douglas Stuart Turf Accountancy—the largest firm of its kind in the world.”

“Tattenham,” in the *Sunday Express*, 12/2/22, recommends Douglas Stuart as a reputable firm, and advises his readers to do their business with that firm.

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Sporting Life said: “By FAR the Greatest Sportsman in the World.”

Why not write to-day and open a Credit Account?

Douglas Stuart

New Oxford St., London.

WOMAN'S WAYS.

[Continued from page 532.]

The Charm of Waving Hair. It cannot be denied that a head of waving hair adds a remarkable charm and attraction to every woman. Few women are blessed with natural undulations, and even then they often come in the wrong place; but the Eugène system of permanent waving is so wonderfully carried out that it is possible to dress the hair in any fashion, high or low, with equally pleasing effects. This system is perfectly harmless, and there is no ugly frizz and brittleness, which so often spoils the hair; indeed, after a visit to 23, Grafton Street, every woman must acknowledge that her beauty is enhanced, and she can face even the elements without fear. A head of bobbed hair gains tremendously when it is curled and waved to suit the contour of the face. The beautiful photograph of Miss Nora Swinburne reproduced on this page will convince all women of the charm of natural-looking waved tresses.

Easter Eggs. It is good news to hear that Fry's have prepared all sorts of surprises for Easter. There are delightful cardboard eggs of various colours with designs that will please the grown-ups as much as the children. These are filled with selected "goodies," each of which is covered with silver paper. There are also big, hollow chocolate eggs, and others filled with cream, representing the white and yoke of a real egg, together with many interesting and ingenious confections suitable for the advent of spring.

A New Fairy Story. The care of the teeth is one of the most important questions of the day. How many

men and women are suffering now from the neglect of mothers and nurses who, years ago, imagined that teeth could look after themselves! Every child should be taught



Miss Nora Swinburne, who is now appearing in "The Bai" at the St. James' Theatre.

to brush his teeth carefully, and Gibbs Dentifrice is one of the most useful toilet preparations, for, besides being perfect for

the physical health of the teeth, it is agreeable to the taste, and there is no burning of the gums, which so often sets a child against the teeth-cleaning habit. Children are more easily impressed by stories—especially fairy-stories—than by long explanations that worry and bore them; therefore, Messrs. D. and W. Gibbs, Ltd., City Soap Works, E.R., have brought out a charming little fairy book, called "The Ivory Castle." It will be sent to all who apply enclosing 2d. for postage. Each story is physiologically true and carries a message to adults as well as to children. Gibbs Dentifrice can be obtained from all chemists for 7½d.; and their little week-end case, containing the necessary toilet preparations for a journey, is a real blessing.

The "Cravenette" shower-proofed Coats. "Cravenette" shower-proofed coats are appreciated by all open-air women and children—indeed, they are ideal for walking, golfing, fishing, and every outdoor sport. "Cravenette" proofed fabrics are absolutely weather-resisting. Each fibre of the cloth is treated separately; therefore it is permanently rain-proof, and will stand the roughest wear. These coats have the great advantage of being entirely odourless; and as they are porous there is no danger of overheating, for the ventilation is perfect. "Cravenette" costumes are always popular; besides being most attractively cut, they are suitable for rain or sunshine, and can be obtained at all outfitters. Write for the profusely illustrated catalogue and particulars, to the Cravenette Company, Well Street, Bradford.

A change for the better!

HALL'S DISTEMPER

This decoration excels in combining brightness with perfect cleanliness; in making rooms beautiful, yet cosy and comfortable. Hall's Distemper further excels in cleanliness and economy.

Re-decoration loses much of its discomfort when you decorate with Hall's Distemper. It is quick, and entirely free from the objectionable smell of paint. Hall's Distemper walls retain their freshness and beauty long after wallpapers have become faded and dirty.

At your annual Spring-cleaning Hall's Distemper walls will revive like new if gently washed with a sponge and clean cold water.

Hall's Distemper is used and recommended by all leading Decorators. It is sold in tins by Decorators, Oil and Colour Stores, Ironmongers, etc., everywhere.

Sole Manufacturers:
SISSONS BROTHERS & CO., Ltd., HULL,
 and at 199B Boro' High St., London, S.E.1,
 and 105 Bath St., Glasgow.

By Appointment to H.M. The King.

1922



Tweed for Economy

NOW that the weather is getting warmer a light Overcoat is essential. A loosely-woven Scotch Tweed always looks smart. It is the most economical of all coats; the first cost is low, the material is almost indestructible, the colours do not soil or show dust, and it can be dry-cleaned again and again. A Scotch Tweed "Raglan" or "Cecil" (depicted above) is a coat for almost every purpose, for business or holidays, to slip on after golf, or to wear in the car. We have a very large selection of smart light Overcoats ready-to-wear. Call and see them to-day.

E. MAXIM & SON,

Note our two London Houses:—

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Finest Old
Tawny Port
6/6
W & A Gilbey Ltd



Miss Dorothy Ward, the well-known and talented musical-comedy actress.

OUR UNIQUE OFFER.

On receipt of one guinea we will send you a necklet of Ciro Pearls 16 inches long, with clasp and case complete, or a ring, brooch, ear-rings or any other Ciro Pearl jewel in hand-made gold settings. If, after comparing them with real or other artificial pearls, they are not found equal to the former or superior to the latter, return them to us within fifteen days and we will refund your money. Ciro Pearl Necklets may also be obtained in any length required. We have a large staff of expert pearl stringers.

Latest descriptive booklet No. 5 sent post free on application.

"These wonderful Reproductions of Oriental Gems have won their way to the front rank solely on their merits."

Thus "Coming Fashions," in a recent issue, writes of

Ciro Pearls.

We give their remarks in fuller detail below :

"The success of Ciro Pearls has been absolutely sensational, and both present and future popularity are positively assured. Pleasant experience has already proved that these wonderful reproductions of priceless Oriental gems, have won their way to the front rank simply and solely on their merits. Seen side by side with the most costly jewels, the Ciro Pearls hold their own to so satisfactory an extent that even an expert has been deceived before now."

Ciro Pearls Ltd.

39 Old Bond Street London W.1 Dept 5

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OUR ONLY
ADDRESS IN
GT. BRITAIN.

WE HAVE NO
AGENTS OR
BRANCHES.

GOSSIP FROM THE HUNTING WORLD.

(Continued from page 522.)

Mixed Bathing
and Other
Incidents.

Everything was fairly quiet and peaceful until about 3 p.m., when a fox from Wellingore thought he would go for a spin to Coleby, and elected to travel over the biggest bit of country he could find.

One place—such an innocent-looking fence—had a veritable arm of the sea the other side, and the field, all unsuspecting, just disappeared into it one after another till it assumed the aspect of a very mixed bathing party. One of my friends informed me that it was the first time she had seen her house-party all together since the night before! One of our secretaries rode up, looked over, and I heard him murmur: "They seem pretty well full up just there," and off he went, to seek his troubles in pastures new! The huntsman meanwhile had got temporarily misled in the confusion; but there seemed to be plenty of competitors for his job, and no wonder the hounds looked so pained and puzzled. However, scent was good and Laud soon arrived, so on we went, all unsuspecting of the "blind" in-and-out of a lane in front of us. Five more crashed there; and when last seen, Captain Cole-Hamilton was doing a record sprint over the plough quite two fields behind his horse. Whether they had a previous understanding I know not, but, anyhow, they met one another as though at an appointed place.

But all good things come to an end, and our fox got to ground at Coleby, doubtless well pleased with himself after a fast gallop of twenty-five minutes full of incident.

The Quorn and
the Belvoir.

There has been plenty of dancing here of late. The Harvey-Dixons gave an excellent little dance the night of the Belvoir

Point-to-Point, and the Embassy was again in full swing the following evening after a good day with the Quorn, and an exceptionally fast hunt in the morning. Wilson is once more hunting hounds, none the worse for his fall the other Monday.

The Belvoir had a great day in the Vale the other Saturday, when they met at Harby. They have had wonderful sport the whole season, and very few moderate days.

Local Owners
at Sandown.

A number of people went to London for the Military Meeting at Sandown, our local owners and riders being Colonel Paynter, Captain Gilpin, Captain Wardell, and Captain Lowenstein, who owned the winner of the Allies' Race and two other starters. Everyone is very sorry to hear of "Mike" Wardell's bad fall in the last race on Saturday. We shall not see him out again this season or riding at Melton.

The entries for Melton Races are very good again this year. To finish the day, the Embassy have another dance arranged for the night of the 31st, which, with full houses round, should be even better than usual. The water jump, which caused so much grief last year, has been done away with, and an artificial water made, so owners need not fear a repetition of the disasters of last year.

Lauderdale
Hunt
Point-to-Point.

This is the first point-to-point these hounds have ever had, and it was a great success. There were twenty entries; the course was near Lauderdale—a fairly stiff 5½ miles; and a good many of the jumps were stone walls. Mr. Herdman was first; Mr. Turnbull second with a four-year-old, ridden by Mr. Peacock; and Mr. Young third. It was a bitterly cold day, and Colonel

Mitchell's cherry brandy was much appreciated. Immediately after the race, close by, a fox was found, and gave them a fast twenty minutes' hunt; and later in the day they killed a fox and had another fine run of one hour and twenty minutes.

BACK TO THE OLD LOVE.

(Continued from page 504.)

enough to face poverty with the man you love?"

"Yes." She caught her breath and looked away from his imploring gaze. "With the man I love." And then she added, "If it be necessary."

Julian, seeing that she was looking down the cliff path, smiled at the sea. "If it be necessary!" How quaint and adorable of her. How glad she would be to tell him of her wealth—how vastly overwhelmed he would be!

"How glorious to hear you whisper that, Esther—the man I love." It is worth all the waiting."

"Is it? And here he is." She rose suddenly, and Julian was aware of the near approach of a tall, good-looking young man. "I want, Julian, to introduce my husband, Captain Troulan." She smiled on him radiantly. "And oh, by the way, I have to convey all sorts of kind messages from Mrs. Bluter. You knew her as Mrs. Smith, I think, an American widow. She was my godmother's niece, and often wrote to me from the Continent. Isn't the world a tiny little place, after all?"

[THE END]

The *Sphere* for April 1 will contain some special Savoy opera pictures just taken at Princes Theatre. These illustrate the amusing and tuneful "Cox and Box," with the ever-memorable "Rataplan" song.

"Best Possible"

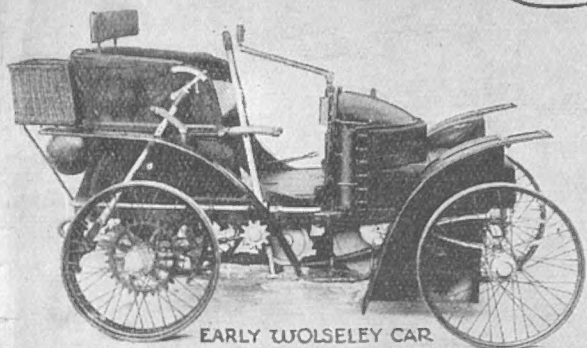
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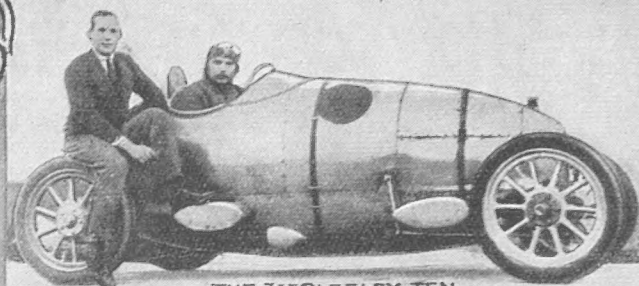
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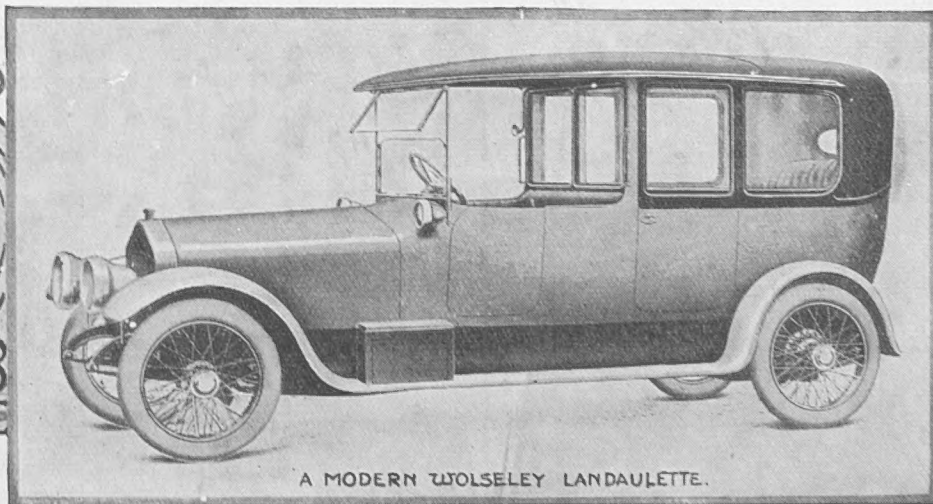
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A MODERN WOLSELEY LANDAUETTE.

NOTES AND NEWS.

POLITICS are much to the fore at all feminine gatherings in Belgravia at the moment, for the supporters of Colonel Leslie Wilson—the candidate who will oppose Mr. Erskine, the present Member



A WELL-KNOWN NOVELIST AND CINEMA WRITER: ALICIA RAMSEY.

Alicia Ramsey, the well-known author, whose work has been published in "The Sketch" and the "Illustrated London News," has been having a big success with the cinema since she turned her attention to that branch of art, and her "Byron" is being taken by the Gaumont Film Company, while her "Rob Roy" is in preparation. Alicia Ramsey's "Rob Roy," by the way, is not based on Scott's novel, but is an adaptation from her own play of that name, and an entirely original treatment of the subject. Alicia Ramsey is, in private life, Mrs. Rudolph de Cordova.

Photograph by Russell.

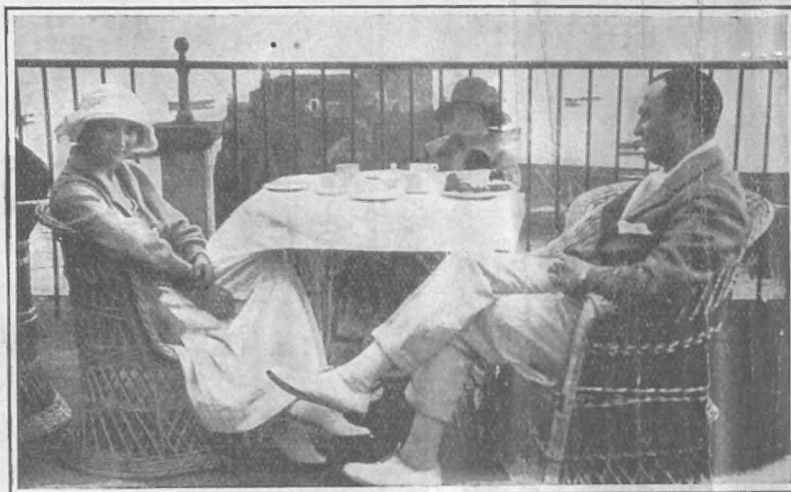
for St. George's Division of Westminster, at the next General Election—are busy luring women voters away from bridge parties in

order to attend drawing-room meetings. They have been successful, too, for Colonel Wilson addressed a big audience at Lady Sligo's not long ago, and last week spoke to a gathering at the Duchess of Atholl's house in Eaton Place. Ducal folk lead strenuous lives nowadays. Her Grace and the Lord Chamberlain gave a big reception the afternoon before they held the "round-up" for good Conservative voters, who in that particular division number many women, for the neighbourhood of Chester Square (which is in the division) has always been the Dowagers' Quarter. In fact, those who believe that the feminine vote will send the handsomest man to Westminster might well keep their eyes on the St. George's Division when the General Election comes, and use it as a test case. They would, of course, have to get a beauty specialist to decide beforehand exactly which of the three candidates is the best specimen of manly beauty!

A Notable Week for Music-Lovers.

Last week was a notable one for music-lovers, as there were two important reappearances on the concert platform—that of Miss Elena Gerhardt, the famous Lieder singer; and of the Léner Quartet

from Budapest, who gave at Wigmore Hall in memory of the fifth anniversary of the composer. The previous evening they performed at Lady Mond's house. Her guests were representative of musical society—the kind which comes punctually and sits entranced while the performance is in progress; and those present included Mr. Eugene Goossens, Mr. Roger Quilter, and Mr. Sutro, the playwright. Everyone was enthusiastic over the playing of this wonderful quartet. Lady Mond wore a gold brocade dress, and had her daughter, Miss Mary Mond, with her; while Viscountess Erleigh, Sir Alfred and Lady Mond's married daughter, was also present.



A HONEYMOON COUPLE IN MADEIRA: MR. AND MRS. J. MARSDEN SMEDLEY.

Madeira is a very popular winter resort, and many well-known Society folk have visited it this year. Our photograph shows Mr. and Mrs. J. Marsden Smedley having tea with a friend on the Casino Terrace. Mrs. Smedley was married at St. George's, Hanover Square, and is the daughter of Admiral the Hon. Sir Alexander Bethell, brother of Lord Westbury. Sir Charles and Lady Markham also paid a visit to Madeira recently, staying at Reid's Palace Hotel.

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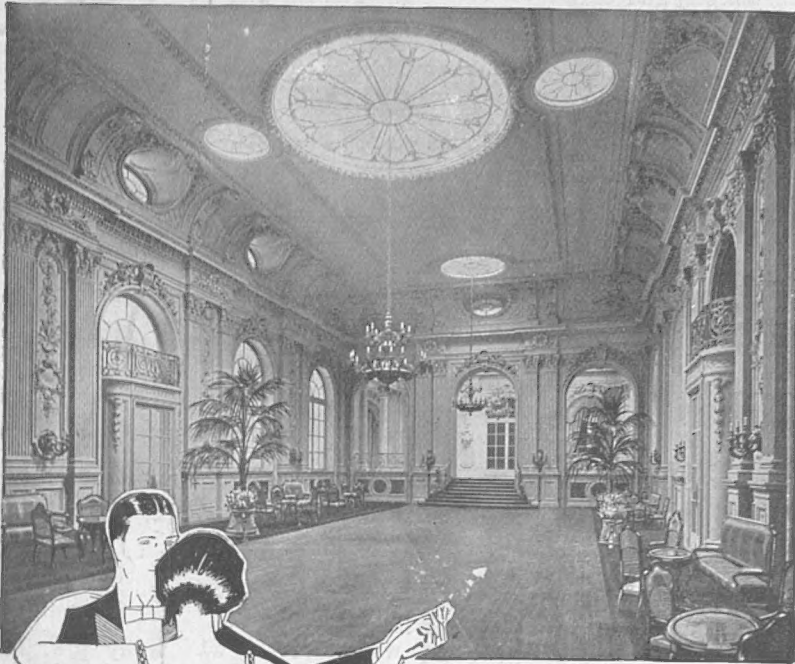
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CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"YOU talk about Easter as a check to business, but you know perfectly well that it has nothing to do with it."

"It has nothing to do with it," mocked The Jobber scornfully. "What elegance! What crystal clearness! What——"

"Rot you're talking. Shut up, and tell me what is the best stock to buy for a man wanting to tie up money on behalf of a little child."

"What's the age?" asked The Broker alertly, his interest kindled. Indeed, the others seemed to be paying attention too.

"About three years, I think the little lassie is at present. And the idea is that she shall have the money when she reaches twenty-one."

"Excuse me a moment," prayed The Jobber. "May I ask for the address of this heiress-to-be? It might be very useful, about 1940, you know."

"War Savings Certificates——"

"They're called National Savings Certificates now," The City Editor amended.

"War Savings Certificates," repeated The Broker evenly, "would be by far the best thing for the first ten years. But in the third period of five years the interest falls to a little under 4 per cent."

"I want it for eighteen years," The Engineer reminded him. "Are there any Colonials redeemable about that date?"

"Yes, but they're difficult to get. Candidly, I think you'll be best off by sticking to the usual accumulative-dividend stocks—

Consols, Local Loans, India Threes, and that kind of thing."

"You get about 5 per cent. on the money, and the stock will become doubled in the time, if you let the dividends accumulate."

"I suppose that is so. All the same, I wish you'd make a few inquiries in the market and find out whether there are any Colonial or Corporation stocks to be obtained, redeemable at 100 in 1940, or thereabouts."

The Broker promised that he would. "There isn't much offered in the way of Corporations," he remarked.

"I was reading last night," said The Engineer, "that Shakespeare took a hand in negotiations for raising a loan which Stratford-on-Avon wanted."

"Why didn't they go to the Bank?" inquired The City Editor. "The Bank of England, of course. I don't suppose the others had come into existence."

"Neither had the Bank of England," and The Broker smote the other on the knee with open hand, and a hearty laugh. "I saw a paragraph about it in your own paper the other day. Else I shouldn't have known, I'm afraid."

The City Editor looked about as blue as the Boat Race, and made a clumsy effort to turn the conversation.

"That Nitrate boom soon petered out," said he.

"No real buying at the back of it. Only a little speculation for a few days, and then—finis!"

"But it will come again," The Merchant was confident. "It may take time——"

"That's what they all say about the Rubber Market."

"Oils, too," The Engineer added. "Everything depends upon the course of general trade all over the world. Take shipping."

"Where to?" asked The Jobber frivolously. "Anywhere you like," The Engineer replied with earnestness. "Only take it. Don't let it lie idle. Keep it on the move. Refuse to allow it to remain still."

"I will refuse," cried The Jobber. "I will keep it on the move. I will——"

"You talk like a man who is getting married," The Merchant rebuked him. "I can see a good deal of trade going on at home. The West End——"

"The West End is hit by the fact that a large proportion of its good customers are severely crippled by income tax and damnable-ities of that sort."

"Then all I can say is that the West End puts a very smiling face on whatever troubles it may have. I was up West yesterday afternoon, and I thought that some of the shops looked perfectly charming."

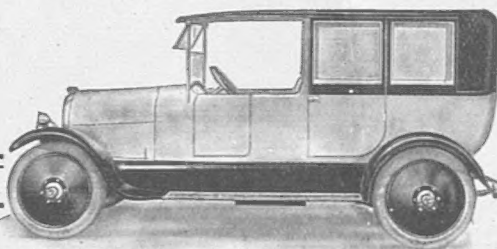
"How sweet!" simpered The Jobber. "I never look at the shops myself, unless it's the tobacconists and hosiers."

"Well, let the kitten open its eyes, for once in a way, and see what jolly pretty things the shops are showing this spring."

"What beats me," confessed The Broker, "is the question why you see graceful gowns and lovely colours, and quite decent hats in the shop windows, and yet some of the things which women wear I—well, I wouldn't enter the Stock Exchange in. I wouldn't, really. Not if you paid me to do it."

And it took The Jobber pretty nearly two full minutes to convince him that all the others fully credited this statement.

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